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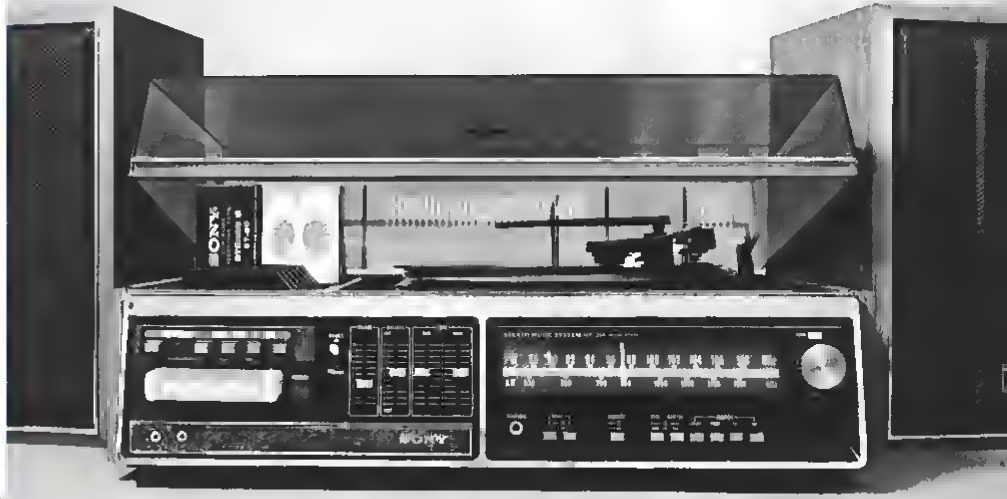
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JUNE 1974 CONTENTS VOL. 87, NO. 6

11	Guarding against a failure of will	Marc Lalonde
12	Our GNP will rise at least 13%	Kurt E. Haas
13	The worst inflation is still somewhere ahead of us	H. S. Ferns
14	Shortchanging the West at election time	Norman Ward
25	The weird world of Scientology	John Saunders
28	Face to face with Joni Mitchell	Malka
30	Avoiding heart attacks	Meyer Friedman & Roy H. Rosenman
32	Canada's Grand Hotels	Bret Taylor
38	My grisly career as a TV superstar	Harry Bruce
40	Gene Mauch: The Lion in Summer	John Robertson
43	CBC: programmed for failure	Val Clery
43	CBC: good and getting better	Laurent Picard
44	Our authors are being ripped off	Marian Engel
57	There'll always be a New England	Peter Celliers
86	A last hurrah for Merrill Denison	Dick MacDonald
90	Bugging and the art of Conversation	John Hofsess
94	That was no loudmouth — it was the PM	Peter Warren

Cover: Photograph of Joni Mitchell by Henry Ortiz

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INSIDE MACLEAN'S

It's more than a trifle ironic that one who has suffered the red-tape nightmares of the CBC should at one time have been a professional puppeteer. But that's exactly what Dublin-born Val Clery did before joining the CBC's London Bureau in 1959. He knew long before he immersed himself in the corporation's bureaucracy just what it meant to watch a marionette be manipulated, pushed and cajoled in various directions by strings that seem to come from "somewhere above."

Clery's own battle with those who pull the strings began not long after he arrived in Toronto in 1965 as a radio producer with CBC public affairs. His first major production, a 13-part series entitled *The Trains*, was well received and soon CBC management offered him the opportunity to create a regular show of his own. He had the format designed early in 1967 for a program that would run live for 6½ hours one night a week and cover the entire globe by telephone. It took management 1½ years to get around to airing it. Clery was not pleased, and, to further infuriate him, management decided to duplicate the format of Clery's program under another title on another night, with a new producer. So Clery quit.



These and other frustrations served him well in writing the profile of the CBC that begins on page 43. Oddly enough, Clery has never let the bad taste of past experiences disturb his view of the system's potential. He still does work for the CBC on a free-lance basis and implicitly believes in the corporation's future.

"As far as I'm concerned," he says, "the CBC remains an ideal in broadcasting, our 20th-century national dream. But the effects of commercial pressures, government interference and political demands on management and ultimately on producers have made it in the creative sense a national nightmare, almost always failing disgracefully short of the quality of broadcasting that Canadians have a right to expect.

"My hope now lies with the new president, providing Laurent Picard is willing to fight, willing to be the *first* fighting president. If he isn't, then someone else will have to be found, because my experience has taught me that middle management tends to swim in the president's wake. CBC's middle management will be only as good as the president himself."



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A mandate for the Canadian reality

It is television that has converted politics into this country's leading spectator sport. Party leaders' images and ideas nightly flash into something like six million living rooms, turning them into whispering galleries that can build or ruin a man's reputation in a season. The same TV klieg lights that seemed to endow the early Pierre Trudeau with an imaginary halo, eventually exposed him as a vulnerable politico, clinging to power with the glazed look of a fly annealed to a refrigerator light bulb.

A medium potentially that powerful must be regulated. In March Pierre Juneau and Harry Boyle, who along with other members of the CRTC have been performing this function with rare zest and imagination, made what was probably their most important decision. In a 145-page judgment, which reads like an eloquent primer on the Canadian psyche, they ruled that the CBC could properly fulfill its mandate only by gradually dropping all or nearly all of its commercials.

It's a daring proposal whose impact can only be assessed against the importance of the corporation to this country and its future. The CBC was meant to be, and in its happiest moments has succeeded in being, the strongest single voice of Canada's nationhood. When it's performing well its sights and sounds can lift and expand our sense of ourselves. At its worst it has been guilty of gross lapses in taste, accuracy and, most of all, failures of nerve and some spectacular excesses of bureaucracy. The stories that begin on page 43 of this issue explore both the corporation's past failures and future hopes. "I reject the idea of an elitist or highly specialized CBC," writes the corporation's president, Laurent Picard, in his article specially prepared for *Maclean's*.

While the CBC maintains that only the kind of U.S. TV programs that attract commercials can mobilize the mass audiences to which it can then present Canadian content, the CRTC, quite rightly in my view, rejects the mass audience concept as a criterion of the CBC's performance. No program, just because a large part of any potential audience is interested in it, can by that very fact be defined as being in the public interest. What's wrong with the mass-appeal U.S. situation comedies which currently dominate CBC's peak viewing hours is not that they're bad, but that they're irrelevant to our way of life. "The CBC must not consider its audience as an agglomeration of 20 million more or less accessible revenue-producing consumers, but rather as an active community of people with real and varying communication needs," the CRTC points out, and goes on to recommend. "The goal should be to maximize not the audience for every program, but the viewers' chances for discovery, understanding, participation and cultural development."

Under Laurent Picard's vigorous leadership many of the CBC's shortcomings are being rectified. But what the CBC needs most of all is a pledge from the federal treasury that it will make up the funds lost through the withdrawal of commercials, and a budget based on three to five years, instead of the fiscal hassle that the corporation now has to face every year. What we, as listeners and viewers, can demand in return is that the CBC become what it was always supposed to be. Robert Harlow, a Vancouver novelist, summed it up at the commission's hearings when he said: "If there is resistance in CBC top management to breaking North American viewing patterns, if there is a shyness about them looking different from the norm fostered by American television executives, then let them remember that those American executives are working from original thinking about their own country. The CBC's business is, similarly, to think about Canada originally, and to use the results for its programming."

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

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POLITICS / MARC LALONDE

Guarding against a failure of national will

Ten years ago, before I ever thought seriously about entering active politics, I helped to write a manifesto which declared, a little sententiously "If Canadians cannot make a success of a country such as theirs, how can they contribute in any way to the development of humanism, to the formulation of the international structures of tomorrow? To confess one's inability to make Canadian Confederation work is, at this stage of history, to admit one's unworthiness to contribute to the universal order." The events of the past decade, including my few years in politics, have made me a little more skeptical about the developing universal order, but my faith in the Canadian experiment hasn't dimmed one iota.

Indeed, we have a country whose advantages and potentials are so enormous that even if we have a few problems we still have a chance few other nations have been granted — to shape our future according to a design that is human in scale and humane in its values. Nothing but a failure of will can prevent it.

A Quebecker, like a Canadian from any other part of the country, learns slowly that his province is not all of Canada. But one of the few advantages of political life is the chance to travel throughout the country listening to people from small towns and farms, from sprawling metropolises and scattered fishing villages. What I have learned is that while every region — even every town — has its special identity, Canadians everywhere share the desire to see their country do the things that will make it an even better place to live. They judge their country, and their politicians, not by rhetoric but by achievements. I have learned even from such a simple example as my efforts to defend Canadian football that there is both the need and the desire to pull this country together from east to west into a strong federation. At the same time, I have also encountered our traditional shortsightedness vis-à-vis the power of the American Big Buck, and the natural tendency of each region to judge matters purely in terms of its own short-term advantage. While we can never ignore our neighbors to the South — in sports, culture, economics or defense—we must pay more attention to the east-west axis of our own country and realize that all parts of our country must contribute something to ensure that the people everywhere get a fair share of the advantages that come with being Canadian.

Take football and petroleum — a relationship which may not be immediately obvious. During this past year we were threatened with an energy crisis. One reason we were spared the worst of its effects was because Alberta and Saskatchewan agreed to sell their oil in Canada at a price lower than the one prevailing on the international market. That was a sacrifice made in the national interest. On the other hand, should Central Canadians feel deprived when faced with the measures we have proposed to ensure that football teams, particularly in Western cities, will not be weakened or destroyed? Just because some of us think we would like the luxury of an American football league in Toronto or Montreal, should this mean the disappearance of Canadian football throughout the country? Inexpensive oil brings industry, jobs, and home comfort to Central Canadians, all better bargains than an American football league, especially when one realizes that on a typical October Sunday in Montreal or Toronto, one can watch free, in the warm comfort of one's TV room, hour after hour of American football. This is not exactly being deprived of one's freedom of choice.


Lalonde: "We are a reasonable people"

Football is a small example — but a graphic one — of what Canada is all about. Here we have an enormous country, with an ethnically diverse population and an unevenly developed economy. The variety of people and place is one of the nation's greatest attractions and assets. We should do everything possible to preserve and encourage that feature of our national life and to insist that there are many ways of being a good Canadian. But we must also find ways of removing poverty, regional underdevelopment, inequality of opportunity and ethnic discrimination.

Here I think that we can see shaping up the demanding task of the next few years, and one through which Canadians might just show the way to some other parts of the world. We seek to erase inequality and discrimination without creating colorless conformity. We must face the fact that modern industrial societies have to find how to replace consumption by conservation without penalizing less affluent people.

I think that Canadians are reasonable. I think they can be persuaded that, as we move toward a society less concerned with growth and more conscious of the need to conserve, we must promise that no individual, group or region will pay a higher price for that new society than others.

That commitment will involve all levels of government in directing the country's development. But that is nothing new. Traditionally the Government of Canada has acted positively to defend the national interest: to assist in constructing a national railway system, to establish a national broadcasting network, to charter a central bank, to market grain and encourage scientific agriculture, and to set national standards of health, welfare and social services.

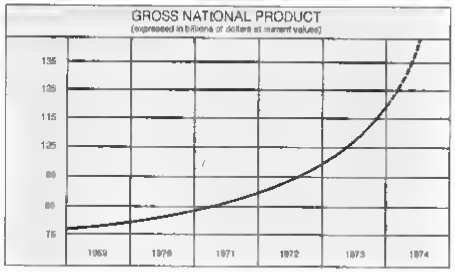
This, then, is what Canada means to me: a country where diversity can thrive and where rich areas help poorer ones through the sharing of goods and services and ideas. And that means that the exchange is never all one way, for every part of the country is rich in some form of goods, services and ideas. We Canadians have enough experience in the business of nation-building, and in the techniques of federalism, to be confident that the best of our past can be preserved as we move into what we can now dimly perceive as a new kind of society, where diversity remains, even as social and economic inequalities decline. And that is the sort of contribution I still think we can make to some distant universal order.

Marc Lalonde is federal Minister of Health and Welfare

PARADE

The Life Photo Co., a division of Nashua Corp.'s Canadian unit, is labeling promotional material: "Printed in U.S.A. to conserve Canadian raw material and energy."

THE ECONOMY



1974 prospects: the GNP will increase by at least 13%

BY KURT E. HAAS

The Wall Street Journal recently quoted a U.S. State Department economist stationed in Ottawa as saying that "it's time for Canada to own up to the fact that it isn't a little country anymore, but a major nation with one of the strongest economies in the world." Certainly it's true that our economy has become the envy of the Western World.

We have, to a considerable extent, been insulated from the shocks that have ravaged the Americans: we have had no war, no Watergate, virtually no energy shortage (and we have plenty of energy resources for the future), our business sector is maturing fast. In fact, many of the Cassandras who only a year ago were issuing dismal forecasts of unemployment topping 6.5% have had to devise more optimistic prognostications in the face of reality. In short, we're having a good year. And since the advances in our economy are broadly based it appears that the current rate of expansion will continue through 1975 and 1976. Barring major disruptive international developments — another war, for example — our gross national product for 1974 should continue to advance at 5% to 5.5% in real terms (based on the 1961 dollar as constant) or 13% to 13.5% in current dollars.

This is impressive when you consider that the U.S. gross national product growth will probably be only 1.5% in real terms or 9.5% in current dollars. Japan, with what has been regarded as an invincible economy, is expected to grow at only 2.5% to 3% or 14% to 15% in current dollars, with roughly the same growth rate expected for the Common Market countries of Europe.

Probably our major achievement is the fact that while Canada has the fastest growing labor force of any Western industrial nation, yet we've been able to keep our unemployment rate down at reasonable levels. Unemployment in Canada today is below the 1973 totals. In March it was 5.4% while a year before it had been 5.5%. And during that same 12-month period our labor force increased by 4.4%.

All this is by way of showing that we don't have to have a recession just because the Americans have one. We can contrive to lessen our dependence on the U.S., but it will take a conscious effort. Take our international trade, for example. More than 20% of our gross national product is exported, and 70% of this goes to the U.S. That means that the slightest falling off of the U.S. economy will immediately affect a large portion of our business. Canadian exporters should therefore be seeking to broaden their base, to develop markets in Southeast Asia, Europe, and Japan. It is futile to indulge in silly hostility toward the Americans. What we must do is bargain harder on our own behalf when we deal with them.

We must demonstrate confidence in our potential by investing our own money in our own resources. We need American investment capital. We can't possibly raise the $65 to $75 *billions* necessary in the energy sector during the 1970s alone, but our banks, our insurance companies, our giant corporations do have money and it should be invested domestically.

Our resource industries will continue to thrive for the rest of this decade, because of urgent worldwide needs for products ranging from petroleum to metals to pulp and paper. Many of our current shortages of industrial raw materials and foodstuffs have been caused by under-utilization of our productive potential and this will lead to heavy investment in both primary and secondary industries. And because the Canadian consumer has not endured the shocks that have embittered his U.S. counterpart, consumer spending in Canada should keep pace with the generally expanding economy.

Inflation is the only major problem. The consumer price index rose by a whopping 10.4 points in the 12 months ending on March 31, 1974, and food prices jumped 18.6%. Wage demands threaten to continue to feed inflation. Still, there was a slight deceleration in the wholesale price index for February, and the government's move to increase prime lending rates should reduce excessive demand pressures. The strength of the Canadian dollar will help make imports cheaper which will in turn tend to deflate domestic prices. Inflation was expected to peak in late spring, then start receding during the second half of the year, producing a projected annual increase in the consumer price index of about 8.5%.

The most alarming aspect of the economic scene is, to me, the growing unrest and militancy of labor and this demands decisive government intervention; social stability is a must for an expanding economy. But the most pressing psychological need we have is to change our own attitudes, to accept our changed and much strengthened economy rather than to resign ourselves to domination by the American economy.

The two are interlocked. We need American dollars and markets. But we can lessen this interdependence by investing in our own opportunities, and by increasing our world trade not only in resources but manufactured goods as well.

Kurt E. Haas is a corporate economist with Air Canada. H. S. Ferns is co-author of The Age Of Mackenzie King.

"It is precisely Canada's long abhorred role as a hewer of wood and drawer of water that will make it an increasingly important world power through the remainder of this century."
RICHARD CAVES, Harvard economist

"The Canadian economy is poised on the brink of a major capital spending boom which should sustain a real growth rate of 5.25% to 5.5% throughout the balance of the 1970s."
ROBERT BAGULEY,
Senior Economist, Royal Bank of Canada

"We certainly agree with the Opposition that everything is not perfect in the Canadian economy, but where we do disagree with them is that we think it is not bad to be the best in the world."
PRIME MINISTER TRUDEAU



"The Minister of Finance defends unconscionably high profits and refuses to recognize a link between higher prices and higher profits."
DAVID LEWIS, Leader,
New Democratic Party

But: the worst inflation is still somewhere ahead of us

BY H. S. FERNS

Ten years ago inflation was regarded by the advanced industrial nations as a social disease localized in South America and, like malaria 50 years ago, an evidence of backwardness and lack of enlightenment. Taught by Keynes, the advanced capitalist communities considered a little touch of inflation necessary to economic health, a sort of vaccine designed to prevent such evils as unemployment, but entirely beneficent and controllable, and not like the raging disease of inflation observable in the 1950s and 1960s in Argentina and Brazil.

Today inflation has infected every industrial community as a social disorder. It is no longer beneficent, nor is it controllable, nor is it widely understood. Its secondary effects are in prospect everywhere: intensified bitterness between capital and labor; injustice to those on fixed incomes most of whom are old, retired and in no position to find new sources of income through work; the running down of public amenities, the cost of which can no longer be borne, and finally despair and revolutionary disorder. What Uruguay is today, Canada may be tomorrow. It can happen anywhere.

It's already evident in Canada: from March, 1973, to March of this year, consumer prices rose 10.4 points. That was the first time since the uncontrollable post-war boom which peaked in 1951 that inflation soared 10 points in a single year. Maintaining that rate of increase would double today's prices in just eight years.

When we look back on the last serious and prolonged world depression which set in in Europe in 1930 and in North America in 1929, we can see why it happened. There was a serious contradiction between the capacity to produce and the capacity to consume. Wages were low. Interest rates were low. Profits were low. Public expenditure was low. When all were added up, the effective purchasing power of consumers and investors and their will to use it was unequal to the productive power of the plant which generations of work, savings, investment and technical development had brought into being.

World War II and the preparation for it were the political means by which we learned how to use, overuse and develop the productive plant of the great industrial states. Since then we have developed the means of spending and invented a seemingly endless catalogue of claims to income which have to be supplied by the productive system. From an economic point of view, space travel and public assistance for disadvantaged groups are equally devices for establishing claims on the system, and the means of keeping it expanding.



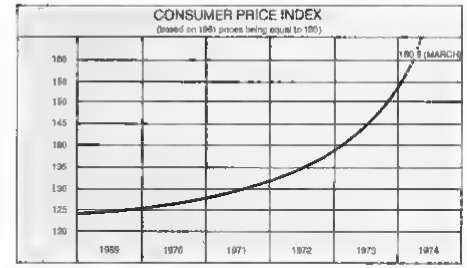
"Business profits are being used to expand capacity, output and jobs. That is no ripoff. That is the key to our whole future here in Canada."
JOHN TURNER
Minister of Finance

"Canada's gross national product in 1974 will hit $134 billions, a 14% increase over 1973."
RICHARD THOMSON,
President, Toronto-Dominion Bank

"There is little reason to be sanguine about Canada's outlook this year."
PROF. SEYMOUR FRIEDLAND,
York University

"Since the interest rate is still not acting as a sufficient deterrent, I don't think the rate will be significantly reduced. In fact, in the next boom in our economy, interest rates will have to go even higher."
O. R. OATTELS,
Vice-President, Davidson Partners Ltd.

"We see no near term solution to such problems as excessive world inflation, currency uncertainties and a vulnerable world trade position."
MEAD & CO. QUARTERLY REVIEW



The principal factor in this new imbalance is not our technical incapacity to produce goods and services, but our growing shortage of resources. From an economic point of view the imbalance should be easy to fix: simply by a redirection of capital, and hence of energy and ingenuity, toward the production of substitutes for natural resources in short supply. Theoretically the ordinary forces of the market ought to effect this redirection of capital and labor.

Unfortunately the workings of the economy are no longer autonomous. In the past interfering politicians and interest groups with the ear of governments had comparatively little effect upon the overall working of the economy, no matter how much they might obstruct or stimulate the economy within the orbit of their power. Today economic forces are secondary to political forces on an almost universal scale. Economic reality will out in the end, but the end may be a long way off, and much misery and disaster will have to be gone through before the peoples of the advanced industrial states are cured of the cry baby inclination, which they have learned, of asking for the moon and expecting to get it.

The vast network of vested interests created by public expenditure constitute an almost insuperable obstacle to the operation of market forces as a means of redeploying manpower and capital to meet shortages of natural resources. The vast and pressing claims of these vested interests, from the arms industry to the welfare and educational lobbies, can only be met by taking out of the productive part of the economy the means of sustaining these interests. If this were done by taxation alone, the damage would be serious but limited and its true cost would be apparent. As it is, governments everywhere lack the strength and courage to tax sufficiently and so they resort to deceit. They print money to pay their bills. They issue instruments of indebtedness which become the basis of lending by banks. In fact the capitalist world is one vast South Sea Bubble. We have forgotten the bursting of that bubble more than two and a half centuries ago.

As a result of loose monetary and credit policies by all the major non-Communist states money has ceased to perform its immemorial function as a standard of value and means of exchange. The American dollar will only hold its value for a year or two; the British pound sterling for barely nine months. On this basis, such hedges against inflation as gold, diamonds, land and house property are becoming better and more secure ways of providing for the future than funds written in dollars, pounds, etc. In countries such as Canada and the United States it is hard to imagine investment in industry drying up. But this can happen if the pattern of expectations is shattered by inflation and by the destruction of the basic social contract, one of whose expressions is a reliable standard of value and means of exchange; what money used to be and should be but is no longer.

THE PRAIRIES / NORMAN WARD

Shortchanging the West at election time

A random check of 100 corporations in a standard directory reveals that 57 have their head offices in Ontario, 26 in Quebec, but only seven on the Prairies — and those are all relatively small companies

Such statistics ought to be a fundamental element in the great numbers game called representation by population, but they are hardly ever taken into consideration in calculating the fair share of Parliamentary seats for the smaller provinces. The head offices of big companies, as pressure groups and as members of associations that exert political pressure, are major influences on government Their executives are woven by intermarriage and interlocking directorships into a remarkably small elite They contribute heavily to party campaign funds In the whole complex of representation, in short, they stand out

The concentration of their influence in central Canada resembles the kind of power that is found within each province in the largest urban areas There, to offset the cities, it has long been the custom to make rural seats in the legislature less populous than urban rural areas, with rare exceptions, are thus deliberately overrepresented While those groups and political parties which thrive especially on urban support can always argue that this is unfair, the provinces have thrived anyway. So why not deliberately overrepresent the smaller provinces in Parliament?

The Maritimes in recent decades have been treated unevenly What sense is there in giving Prince Edward Island four times as many MPs as its population warrants, while New Brunswick gets only two extra seats? Newfoundland has since 1949 been given exactly what it deserves, which, in the eastern context, is unfair

It isn't so unfair, however, as what has happened to the Prairies The electoral map scheduled to go into effect in 1973 before parliament suspended it gave Manitoba 12 seats to New Brunswick's 10, and their respective populations are 988,000 and 635,000 Those 12 seats, furthermore, average 21,000 square miles, to 2,800 in New Brunswick And while the prairie provinces were expanding rapidly in



Ward: new ways of unfairly divvying up the seats

the early part of this century, their share of representation in the House of Commons seriously lagged behind their populations

If all this sounds as if representation by population were a myth, it's because it is Parliament is once again wrestling with what to do about it all, and nobody knows how we'll end up The main parties are divided, with the more city-oriented Liberals and NDP inclined to stricter adherence to rep by pop Within each party the urban wings differ from the rural.

Into this incredibly complicated system, the accumulated detritus of a century of ad hoc solutions the federal government has recently thrust five possible new ways of divvying up the seats It has its own favorite, the Amalgam Method, which requires dividing the provinces into three sets according to size The three tiers are treated somewhat differently and, on the basis of current population projections, the method would see the House of Commons rise from the 276 seats it would have now to 352 by 2001, with no province ever losing seats On the Amalgam Method, because Alberta is expected to grow, the three prairie provinces would continue to receive roughly the same proportion of seats as they do now, as would the largest But while in the next 30 years Saskatchewan will stay at 14 and Manitoba will go from 14 to 15, Quebec will rise from 75 to 87 and Ontario from 95 to 127. If the price of preventing any loss of prairie seats is 44 extra seats for central Canada — on top of all those highly centralized lobbies — it is difficult to escape from the suspicion that there may well be another way

The Amalgam Method has the additional disadvantage of being almost incomprehensible to anybody without a legal mind Here's an amended simplification of it.

Take its results for central Canada for the census of 1971, which give Quebec and Ontario 75 and 95 seats. That's a clear majority of the Commons, so just leave Ontario and Quebec there until that majority is threatened

Take its results too for New Brunswick, 10 seats For the current period give every other province (except Prince Edward Island, which should keep its happy four as a reminder that rep by pop doesn't matter all that much) as many seats as its population justifies on the basis of New Brunswick's 10 By the 1981 census, on the government's own projections, that would give Saskatchewan 16, Manitoba 16, Alberta 29, and British Columbia 44. Central Canada's overall majority would be nowhere near being threatened.

Parliament can decide in the 1980s or 1990s whether to change the system again Given the way society is being restructured these days, population projections based on the past may be worthless in 15 years anyway. Besides, through the Department of Regional Economic Expansion, the federal government is trying to make its own projections obsolete, although its proposals for the future of the House of Commons seem to assume that DREE will be a total failure

It might not be a bad idea to assume that plans for regional development — with the Prairies' known supplies of energy and fresh water — may in fact work And on that assumption, why not do with representation what we did with the flag and have a contest for the best design, to go into effect after 1981?

Prof Ward teaches political science at the University of Saskatchewan

PARADE

It's difficult to say whether the Edmonton Journal enhanced Keith "Mach Truck" Mackie's romantic reputation or whether he was embarrassed by the feature the sports department did on the six-foot six-inch, 227-pound junior hockey player. It was just a typographical error, practically lost in all the detail on the Edmonton Oil King's star defenseman, but curious in its own way. Reporter Terry Jones happened to ask Mackie about his golf game.

"Good off the tee," the paper quoted Big Mack as saying, "but a little erotic with my long woods . . ."



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Anyone seen Portnoy?

In his March article, *How We Used To Learn About Sex*, Michael Bliss insinuates that the perils of self-abuse as described by past moralizers are not to be taken seriously. Obviously, Bliss is unaware of the experience of the late I. B. Solo of Edmonton who in 1968 masturbated an unprecedented 33 times over a period of only 12 hours and 45 minutes. On his thirty-fourth effort, he achieved a strange phenomenon which has since become known as the anticlimax and which forced an abrupt stop to his activities.

The consequences of Solo's lonely marathon were devastating. He not only fell victim to all the conditions which Bliss so recklessly censures in his article, but was stricken by a host of other malfunctions including a case of terminal blisters which thankfully ended his suffering.

The Solo experience proves again the real danger involved in self-abuse and should prompt practitioners of this disgusting habit to seek out safer areas of abuse.

FRED HELGETON, QUESNEL, BC

Regarding the article by Michael Bliss, I was carried back in Memory instantly to the "third and fourth book" classroom of the public school in a Kent County village.

There was Arthur Beall, writing on the blackboard in his round large script "La crême de la crême" which he urged us to be (incidentally, my introduction, at 10, to French). The only other phrase I retain from that long-ago day is "a little fire at one end and a little fool at the other," a sardonic put-down of the cigarette smoker, certainly.

He must have been billeted in our home, and even observed that I generally had my nose in a book. At any rate, after he left, a postal parcel addressed to me, arrived containing two historical novels by Joseph Hocking (does anyone remember him?). They were *The Flame Of Fire* and *Follow The Gleam*. I was pleased to find the latter book on my bookshelves yesterday, its pages yellowed and binding a bit tacky, but there was the flyleaf inscription in the remembered handwriting.

Read two or three times, then return to Margaret Wren 1912.

A little souvenir from A. W. Beall.

MARGARET JOHNSON, LONDON, ONT.

Loaves and fishes

Concerning Walter Stewart's *Don't count on Beryl to feed the poor* (March). Marg Hartling should be the one on the prices review board, not Beryl Plumptre. What is it for her to pay high prices for food? People like her don't care about people who can't afford to buy food. I wouldn't count on Beryl for anything.

E. A. ROCQUE, EDMONTON

Walter Stewart (*Don't count on Beryl to feed the poor*, March) was not quite fair to Beryl Plumptre. Granted, she is the most ineffectual bureaucrat in Ottawa — and that alone says a lot — and has done nothing to slow down the rise in food prices, but this lack of action is exactly what the government expected of her.

The task of $1.3-million-a-year Food Prices Review Board and its $40,000-a-year head is not to take any action — the board has no power to do this — but merely to observe the way food prices rise, something 20 million other Canadians have been doing all along without getting such a princely salary. The government created the board not to keep prices down but to quieten complaints about rising prices, or at least to divert them to its new fall guy.

If Beryl Plumptre did anything wrong, it was to accept such a window-dressing position, not what she has or has not done since being appointed to it. It takes a Maxwell Henderson to turn a window-dressing job into something significant, and Beryl Plumptre is very obviously no Maxwell Henderson.

H. E. WOLFF, VANCOUVER

No country but Canada would suffer an albatross around its neck such as our Canadian Senate, but to compound the problem we suffer a second in the person of Beryl Plumptre. Mrs. Plumptre is very adept at replying to questions put to her regarding food price increases but is careful not to answer any of them. She apparently does not want to ruffle any of the big corporate food chains.

With Mrs. Plumptre as a friend of the food consumer, who needs enemies?

I can best sum up my impression of Walter Stewart's article in the March issue of *Maclean's* regarding Mrs. Plumptre and Mrs. Hartling with one word — Amen!

O. W. SANDMEYER, BONNYVILLE, ALTA.

The great pea robbery

I must protest the misleading information concerning frozen peas in *The Anatomy of a Dinner* published in your April issue.

Frozen peas are in extremely short supply and you would have given your readers a better comparison if you had used a vegetable that was not so scarce. For example, you could have used green beans, carrots, mixed vegetables, squash etc.

However, having selected peas, I would have expected greater care and accuracy in presenting the figures. I believe the basic mistake is the use of 43 cents per pound as the consumer price. I checked two retail stores today and found that top quality frozen peas are 31 cents per pound in one store and 32 cents per pound in the other. The "typical family" buys peas in poly bags (two pounds or larger) and I am quoting prices for these.

You stated that the processor's profit was seven cents per pound but the actual verified figure from one of Canada's largest pea processors is one cent per pound and this is the best profit ever achieved on frozen peas.

G. L. NIX, PRESIDENT CANADIAN FOOD PROCESSORS ASSOCIATION, OTTAWA

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Gone but not forgotten

I am writing this letter to tell you how much I enjoyed reading the story by Harry Bruce, *Constable Heddington's Last Decision*. Talk about a human interest story — and it was written so well. I'd like to see more stories by this author in *Maclean's*.

Good luck to everyone on the staff.

MRS. MARY MORTON, HALIFAX

I wish to comment on the article entitled *Constable Heddington's Last Decision* (March).

While well written, and obviously well "researched," I feel that it has caused considerable unnecessary heartache to many, and should *not* have been written. It was cruel, and not only pried into the affairs of others but also cast aspersions at our beautiful Annapolis Valley.

MRS. HILDA MERRIAM, BRIDGETOWN, NS

Constable Heddington's last decision, though terribly tragic, need not be entirely futile if it serves to make a sufficient number of those in power seriously consider the view of those Mounties who maintain that the RCMP recruit is too young and his training too brief.

MRS. NORMA ASP, SASKATOON

National dreamers

I disagree with Heather Robertson's assessment of the CBC series, *The National Dream*. Admittedly, it is not perfect but it is the best thing to come out of the CBC in years. Instead of avoiding CBC programs like the plague, we now turn to that network each Sunday so that we can follow the progress of the impossible railway. Neither of us is a fan of Pierre Berton yet we are enjoying his narrative of this fascinating period of Canadian history. For the first time in my life, I feel obliged to compliment the CBC for their efforts. I do hope they can bring more of this type of programming into my home.

JANE BRANCHFLOWER, VANCOUVER

I am unable to see the logic in Heather Robertson's view of the CBC production of *The National Dream*.

It is true that our history books of Canada in the past were dry and boring and lifeless. However, I am delighted that Pierre Berton wrote his books, and I cannot see that he holds a "queasy prejudice" and that it is "hammered at us" in the CBC's *National Dream*. In my view, it is at least awakening many Canadians who

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do not read history, as obviously Heather Robertson does to be so informed, to a new interest in the railway and days gone by

I am very happy that I can watch this program with pleasure and not feel injured if Pierre Berton appears in a "pukka khaki safari suit"

Perhaps Ms Robertson would be so obliging as to write a better book, a better TV script, appear on the show in suitable dress and just wow us with the truth Come on, gal, can't we ordinary Canadians have just a little fun?

MS DONALEEN SMITH,
SWIFT CURRENT, SASK

Beat the devil

I fully appreciate your magazine — even when I don't get it on schedule — but your March issue contained a review of the film, *The Exorcist* which I consider to be absolutely disgusting Revolting

John Hofsess, writer of the review, is not at fault, as he only stated what he saw I did not see it, nor indeed will I see it, for such filthy tripe has no place whatsoever on Canada's theatre screens

WILSON E TOUCHIE, MIDDLEWOOD, NS

Congratulations to John Hofsess for his *The Exorcist guaranteed gross* Until now, I have heard and read only delighted comments about this startling film, which I felt were completely unfounded

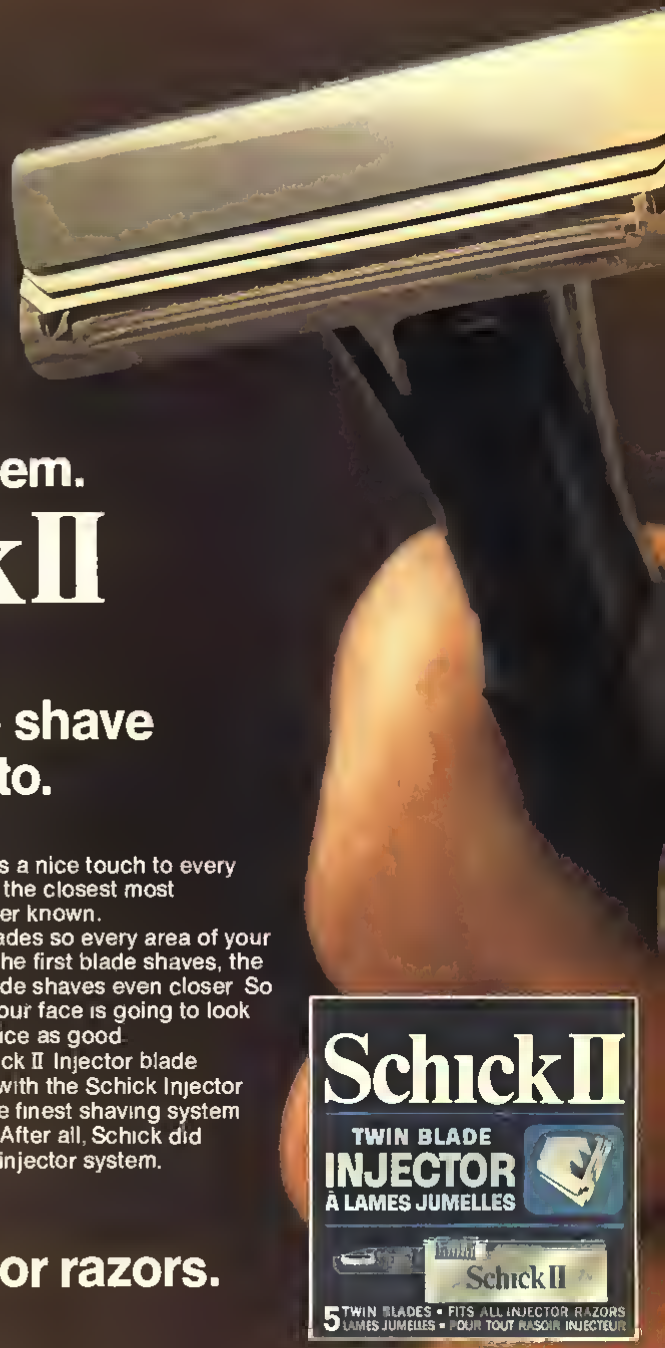
Having heard so much about the film and hoping to gain some meaningful insight to exorcism, I made a special point of going to a movie I would normally never waste time and money on I was "grossly" disappointed, and I think Hofsess hit it home when he said the movie casts no lasting spell Furthermore, I was very pleased that my own sentiments as to the superiority of Hitchcock's films with their unquestionable lasting quality were shared by a much more knowledgeable person than myself Thank you, John Hofsess, for reassuring me I'm not just a narrow minded Protestant!

MAJA DETTBARN, TORONTO

Straight shooter

A true cover-to-cover issue (March) Particular lauds to the acute observation in *Don't count on Beryl to feed the Poor*, a column which scratches beneath the surface of things And to Josef Skvorecky's *A Country After My Own Heart* for his straight talk and his humor

JOHN IRVING, MONTREAL



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The long way home

I have just finished reading *Exile Living out the Canadian paradox* in the March issue of *Maclean's*. I was much impressed with the ideas expressed by Miriam Waddington.

Those of us who were born in Canada of Slavic parents (born in Europe) have certainly experienced some of the situations referred to by the author. Since my native and home culture was Ukrainian, I have felt an "exile" in trying to adapt and adopt Canadian values, as exemplified in the Canadian mosaic cultural pattern. At times, especially in my earlier life, I was embarrassed to admit that I was of Ukrainian descent. The Ukrainians were "different" or so it appeared to me, from what I was told and in what I read. My main intention was to assimilate with the least possible friction. Needless to say, there was an inner conflict.

In Canada as a whole, I believe that there has been more acceptance of foreign names and foreign accents recently, especially after World War II. It used to be that if you had an accent, you were "labeled" accordingly. I recall a well-meaning lady once asking me: "And what part of Russia were you born in, young man?" In the Sixties and Seventies, it is encouraging to note that more acceptance is given to the fact that Canada is not bicultural but multicultural. Having experienced some aspects of "cultural exile," I should be thankful that I came through it without too many battle scars.

HENRY PYLYPOW, EDMONTON

The way we were

Donald Warner's letter in the April issue regarding John Gault's article on bilingualism in Cornwall is an illustration of the art of over-kill.

Our high school was no different than most in the province at the time. Students were expected to take part in militia training since it was part of the curriculum at the time. I know of no one who failed because they didn't take part.

Discipline at the time was different than in today's schools (I'm a secondary-school teacher now), but to say it was carried to the extremes mentioned by Donald Warner is preposterous. One teacher I know of used his yardstick to tap people on the butt if they were lingering in the halls etc. but all the students knew and liked this individual and also understood that it was just his particular mannerism. Our vice-principal's nick-

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name, "the Whip," was one given by the students more in jest than anything else.

As for teachers hitting students with their fists — in five years at St. Lawrence I never witnessed anything close to this nor did I hear of same. St. Lawrence High School was a good school. The students who went there, or the vast majority (Donald Warner being the exception), look back with fond memories on the times there.

D. M. BILLING, BROCKVILLE, ONT.

O plucky man!

Kudos to John Hofsess for his perceptive article *Will Success Spoil David Freeman?* (February). Having seen *Creeps* last fall at the Folger with a handicapped friend, I was struck by how well Hofsess expressed many of the things we gained from the play but were unable to put our finger on. We both heartily recommended *Creeps* to our friends, and I eagerly look forward to seeing David Freeman's latest work at the first opportunity.

BARBARA BACHRACH,
AMERICAN UNIVERSITY,
WASHINGTON, DC

Red alert

In the March issue of *Maclean's*, you featured an article that discussed the recent firing of British Columbia's Commissioner of Education, John Bremer. Many of us that were directly involved with Bremer's work agree that the analysis your writer gave is far from accurate. John Bremer a radical? That's like calling Robert Stanfield a Communist!

DOUG COUPAR, BURNABY, BC

Clean Gene

I wish to commend Walter Stewart for his novel presentation of an extraordinary man: *Gene Whelan: Foursquare for Farmers* (April). Although Mr. Whelan can by no means be categorized as a "classic" politician — he's too concerned, dedicated and sincere to warrant that dubious honor — his forceful advocation on behalf of the farmer has resulted in giving that profession a future from which all of Canada will benefit.

ROBERT MELEG, DOWNSVIEW, ONT.

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The weird world of Scientology

Taking a toll bridge to a science fiction faith

BY JOHN SAUNDERS



Scientology founder L. Ron Hubbard, here with daughter Diana, lives aboard one of four ships owned by the cult

The past 20 years have seen more Canadians grow up without traditional religious beliefs than any previous period in history. Having abandoned the faith of their parents many have found themselves uncomfortable as skeptics and have reached out for some secure handle on certainty in a difficult technological age. It should come as no surprise, then that this is a time when offbeat religious cults have blossomed, when the sidewalks of our large cities swarm with blue-caped disciples of the Process church, saffron robed followers of Hare Krishna and believers in a dozen other creeds.

Scientology may not be the strangest of these cults (although it is in contention) but it surely is the most expensive religion — if it *is* a religion — ever to gather a large following in Canada. There are religions that urge people to give up their worldly goods. Few encourage their followers to go deep into debt besides. Fewer still offer "pastoral counseling" at $50 an hour. Scientology does.

I recently spent four months investigating the church of Scientology from both inside and outside. And I found that the "Bridge to Total Freedom," which Scientology claims to be is really a toll bridge. I learned that it's possible to pay $15,000 or $20,000 and still get only part way across. There is no ascertainable limit to the amount that can be spent on Scientology's fanciful blend of mental self-improvement and outer-space theology.

The cult was founded in the early 1950s by L. Ron Hubbard, an inventive American whose flock around the world now numbers nine million, according to the more conservative claims of Scientology officials. Some enthusiastic Scientologists say 15 million or even 50 million. In Canada alone, Hubbard's lieutenants talk of 60,000 believers, although they admit that not all are "active." In fact, the figure includes people who have done little more than take the "personality test" that serves as the church's basic recruiting device. Canada's biggest Scientology centres are Toronto (claiming a congregation of 22,000) and Vancouver, but a branch network touches Halifax, Quebec, Montreal, Ottawa, Hamilton, St. Catharines, Kitchener, London, Windsor, Regina, Calgary and Edmonton.

It was at the St. Catharines centre that Mike Dolbaczuk joined. I met Mike — a quiet, bearded 19-year-old — after he had made his pilgrimage to the larger church in Toronto and had invested about $3,000 in Scientology training and therapy. One winter evening, Mike traveled from the Toronto Scientology organization (Scientologists call it the "org") to an apartment in suburban Willowdale. With him was Jack Manning, 29, a former rock band promoter who is now a church "registrar." Their mission was to persuade Mike's stepbrother, Larry Shinkaruk, a 28-year-old draftsman, to lend him $2,500 for more Scientology-style help.

I was introduced to the pair only as a friend of Larry's. We sat for three hours as they explained, with Manning doing most of the talking, why it was important that Mike have money immediately. "I'm feeling a lot better," Mike told his stepbrother. "I'm becoming more able. I'm not worried about going into debt." But he had discovered in Scientology therapy that he still had a major problem that required a further package of assistance. He was determined to have it, but he

PHOTOGRAPH BY A. MENKES

had already used up his savings and taken out two separate $800 loans from finance companies. He had tried to borrow from his parents and had asked an uncle for $5 000 but had been turned down.

In theory, Mike was entitled to basic Scientology services without charge, more or less as a fringe benefit. He had signed up to work 2½ years at low wages for the St. Catharines org, and that was part of the deal. But even staff members often end up digging into their own pockets. It turned out that Mike's hometown branch wasn't equipped to give him the assistance he needed, and in Toronto he was strictly a cash customer. He said Scientologists in St. Catharines had urged him not to delay in getting the additional assistance.

Larry Shinkaruk wanted to know if his stepbrother could ever stop spending money on Scientology. "Is there any end to awareness?" Manning answered. "Is there any end to knowledge? Is there any end to the money? There is no end." (As a Toronto registrar, Manning stood to make a small personal commission on Mike's purchases, but Mike said Manning had not tried to pressure him.) When Larry asked whether a Scientologist would be denied help if he were broke, the unflappable Manning said, "You can always get money somewhere."

But not, it turned out, from Larry Shinkaruk. He refused to lend Mike the money. Mike was unperturbed. "Somebody will," he smiled. "I'll get it somewhere." He and Manning left together.



The Hubbard Electrometer uses empty soup cans wired to a battery to gauge responses to Scientology teaching.

It's easy enough to get into Scientology; all it took me was five minutes, the time I spent walking in the midtown area of Toronto before an eager young missionary zeroed in on me. He hadn't been hard to spot, clean-cut to the point of wearing a necktie under his ski jacket, moving purposefully down Avenue Road with a fistful of handbills offering "free personality testing." When I showed interest, he escorted me up the street to the former funeral parlor that shelters the church's Toronto branch.

Scientology is "really neat," he told me, "not like the old-style religions."

I took the test — a curious list of personal questions to be answered "yes," "no" or "uncertain." One query, repeated several times in different ways, concerned whether I was letting others stop me from doing as I wished. It would be charitable to say my grade was poor. I was urged to start training in Scientology immediately, and I agreed to try a two-day introductory course. The price was $25 in advance.

I ended up spending a week in the org, a strange subworld dominated by the personality of the absent Ron Hubbard. His face peers out from inspirational posters with such messages as HELP CLEAR A PLANET. His writings are studied diligently. Believers spend scores of hours listening to aging tapes of lectures by "Ron" or "L.R.H." as they know him.

Hubbard is a pudgy, 63-year-old former science fiction writer who lives in considerable style aboard a 328-foot yacht plying the warm seas around North Africa. I have a small, dog-eared collection of his paperback novels from the 1940s and 1950s (you can find them in secondhand bookstores specializing in science fiction), but his avowedly fictional works are not in evidence in the org. In any case, his more recent books make them look unimaginative.

Hubbard's "Flagship Apollo," a 3 200-ton former Irish Channel steamer, is one of four saltwater Scientology vessels providing isolated training centres for the faithful and mobility for their leader. "Commodore Hubbard," as he styles himself, can move beyond the jurisdiction of any secular government at will. After a spate of bad publicity in the English press, Hubbard was barred from Britain as an undesirable alien in 1968 — an event that cut him off from the Sussex manor that had been his home and headquarters. Now, from the flagship, he issues bulletins to his followers on five continents.

For public consumption, the church takes the position that Hubbard receives no income from Scientology. Some skepticism may be appropriate. Up to 1966, the founder openly accepted a 10% personal cut — off the top — of the revenues of most Scientology organizations. Published estimates of Scientology's worldwide sales run as high as $1.4 million *per week*. Church spokesmen say that figure is far too high, but they refuse to provide financial statements to refute it.

My first real taste of Scientology was a security check administered by Harvey Schmiedeke, the Toronto org's director of training. Schmiedeke used a Hubbard Electrometer (or E-meter), a device that plays a key role in Scientology's training and counseling processes.

The machine consists essentially of a galvanometer (an instrument for detecting small electric currents), a battery, a couple of wires, and a pair of empty soup cans. That's right, soup cans. Various brands and sizes are used. I held a can in each hand while Schmiedeke asked questions and watched the needle move on the dial. Was I associated with any person or group "antagonistic to Scientology"? Had I ever "threatened to embarrass Scientology"?

The E-meter responds to perspiration and anything else that affects the quality of contact between soup can and skin. The needle can be sent flying across the dial simply by tightening and loosening your grip. Nevertheless, Scientologists believe that their meter, in the hands of an expert practitioner, detects not skin changes but thought. Thought has mass, they teach, and therefore it

/ continued on page 73

PHOTOGRAPH BY RON HILL

Fear and loathing in Sutton

The McLean family's fight to escape Scientology

BY JOHN SAUNDERS

The McLean family first became involved in Scientology in 1969, when Nan, an energetic grandmother, joined the cult. Her husband, Eric, their two sons and their daughter-in-law followed. Eric McLean is a soft-spoken 52-year-old teacher of auto mechanics now on leave to work for the Ontario high-school teachers' federation. He and Nan live in an old farmhouse outside the village of Sutton, north of Toronto. By 1972, the five McLeans were pillars of the Church of Scientology. Nan drove 100 miles a day to work in its Toronto branch and she eventually was ordained a Scientology minister. Bruce McLean and his wife Dawn also joined the church's full-time staff. John McLean dropped out of grade 13 to join the Sea Organization, Scientology's naval arm, and served 18 months aboard the yacht Apollo, headquarters of L. Ron Hubbard, founder of the faith. In fact, John signed a billion-year contract with the Scientologists who believe in reincarnation.



Eric and Nan McLean refused to be intimidated by a symbolic funeral and other Scientology demonstrations.

The McLeans fell from grace after an extended feud with leaders of the Toronto Scientology organization. In the fall of 1972, John jumped ship on a pretext and rejoined his family who had abruptly parted company with Scientology.

On February 12 of this year, eight young people arrived in Sutton (population 1 500) carrying a black, empty coffin. They paraded it along the main street past the Riveredge Restaurant, Holborn's Hardware and the *Lake Simcoe Advocate*, finally putting it down on the cold sidewalk outside the Bank of Nova Scotia, where they held a "funeral for lost souls" and pressed leaflets on uncomprehending villagers. The leaflets, signed "The Church of Scientology of Toronto," charged that the McLean family had "betrayed all God-fearing Canadians" and was "succumbing to the mysteries of evil."

Shortly after the McLeans left Scientology, their rural neighbors had received calls from "credit investigators" suggesting that Eric McLean was guilty of embezzlement and from an anonymous "outraged husband." At one stage, a former Scientology colleague stayed with the McLeans for a month, claiming that he too had abandoned Scientology. When he left, he tried unsuccessfully to have police lay criminal charges against his hosts.

Scientology officials deny any responsibility for the telephone calls or for the actions of the man who stayed with the McLeans. He is now back in the Scientology fold, training to be a minister.

The McLeans, who still discuss the church with any writer or broadcaster who cares to listen, might have expected trouble. Founder Hubbard issued a *Fair Game Law* in 1967 declaring that people found in a "condition of enemy" "may be deprived of property or injured by a Scientologist without discipline of the Scientologist. May be tricked, sued or lied to or destroyed."

The Rev. Bryan Levman, Canada's chief Scientologist, says all that was rescinded in 1968. But there's plenty of other evidence of Ron Hubbard's combative streak.

Perhaps the most macabre product of Hubbard's imagination is "auditing process R2-45," ostensibly a method of Scientology therapy. In readily available church literature, there is a single cryptic reference to it: "R2-45: an enormously effective process for exteriorization, but its use is frowned upon by this society at this time."

What *is* R2-45? It's long been rumored among ex-Scientologists to mean shooting the "patient" in the brain with a .45-calibre pistol. On a Vancouver radio show this past March, a cornered Scientology public relations man offered this explanation: "R2-45 is not an auditing process. It is simply a name given in jest by Mr. Hubbard in his writings. If a person is killed he'll leave the body. R2-45 is someone being killed and leaving the body."

PHOTOGRAPH BY GRAHAM BEZANT

FACE TO FACE

JONI MITCHELL IN CONVERSATION WITH MALKA, THE THIRD IN A SERIES

Over the past few years Joni Mitchell has emerged as one of the most significant talents Canada has yet produced in the pop music field, with six of the world's most highly acclaimed albums — Court And Spark, For The Roses, Blue, Ladies Of The Canyon, Clouds *and* Joni Mitchell. *This candid interview, her first in four years, was conducted by the Canadian free lance broadcaster, Malka*



PHOTOGRAPH BY BRUCE COLE



PHOTOGRAPH BY TOM MURRAY

A tiny coffeehouse-folk club in Toronto's Yorkville district was one of the mid-Sixties settings for the launching of Joni Mitchell's spectacular career. She began singing in her hometown Saskatoon, and had created a minor stir at that summer's Mariposa Folk Festival. Even so, when she applied for a full-time job as an entertainer at the little folk club known as the Riverboat, owner Burnie Fiedler said there was an opening only for a dishwasher.

That was nearly a decade ago, and a lot of changes have gone down since. Fiedler, for instance, is now an old friend, and Joni Mitchell today is a recognized superstar, perhaps the only songwriter to have songs recorded by both Bob Dylan and Frank Sinatra. Nevertheless, it was at the Riverboat where Malka first met Joni Mitchell. The Israeli-born singer had gone to catch her performance because, like everyone else in the Toronto folk scene, she had heard of the new young talent that had recently arrived from the west. Malka was much impressed, particularly with a song called *Both Sides Now*, the tune that eventually sold a million copies for Judy Collins.

The following, then, is part of a long conversation between two singers who since have left the life of performing night after night in small folk clubs. Malka has branched out into broadcast journalism, and is a regular contributor to the CBC radio program, *The Entertainers*, as well, she does concerts and sings on radio and television specials. The interview — the first given by Joni Mitchell in several years — took place just prior to the recording artist's now completed North American concert tour, and just after her thirteeth birthday. It was the first meeting between the two women since the days when folk music reigned supreme in Yorkville.

MALKA: You're on the road performing again. Why the silence of two full years?

JONI MITCHELL: I like to retire a lot, take a bit of a sabbatical to keep my life alive and to keep my writing alive. If I tour regularly and constantly, I'm afraid that my experience would be too limited, so I like to lay back for periods of time and come back to it when I have new material to play. I don't like to go over the old periods that much. I feel miscast in some of the songs that I wrote as a younger woman.

MALKA. How do you feel, then, about listening to your records?

JONI. I don't enjoy some of the old records. I see too much of my growing stage. I've changed my point of view too much. There are some of them that I can still bring life to, but some that I can't. Let's take the *Ladies Of The Canyon* album: there are good songs on there which I feel still stand up and which I could still sing. There's a song called *The Arrangement* which seemed to me a forerunner and I think has more musical sophistication than anything else on the album. And the Blue album, for the most part, holds up. But there are some early songs where there is too much naivité in some of the lyrics for me to be able now to project convincingly.

MALKA. Your name has been linked to some powerful people in the business, James Taylor and Graham Nash, for instance. Do you feel that your friends have helped your career in any way?

JONI: I don't think so, not in the time that James and I were spending together anyway. He was a total unknown, for one thing — maybe I helped his career?

But I do think that when creative people come together, the stimulus of the relationship is bound to show. The rock and roll industry is very incestuous, you know, we have all interacted and we have all been the source of many songs for one another. We have all been close at one time or another, and I think that a lot of beautiful music came from it. A lot of beautiful times came from it, too, through that mutual understanding. A lot of pain too, because inevitably different relationships broke up.

MALKA: But isn't there a certain amount of danger, when you surround yourself with musicians and troubadors doing the same kind of work you are doing, that you really create your own special world and are not so open to what's happening in the rest of the world?

JONI: A friend of mine criticized me for that. He said that my work was becoming very "inside." It was making reference to roadies and rock'n'rollers, and that's the very thing I didn't want to happen, why I like to take a lot of time off to travel some place where I have my anonymity and I can have that day-to-day encounter with other walks of life. But it gets more and more difficult.

That's the wonderful thing about being a successful playwright or an author: you still maintain your anonymity, which is very important in order to be somewhat of a voyeur, to collect your observations for

/ *continued on page 66*

How to add years to your life

If you're a Type A — too bad
The beat goes on for Type B

BY MEYER FRIEDMAN, MD
AND ROY H. ROSENMAN, MD

Drs Meyer Friedman and Roy H Rosenman, both practising cardiologists, have been studying the relationship between heart disease and emotional stress for more than 15 years Their research has shown that a specific behavior pattern which they call Type A, is the primary cause of heart disease "In the absence of Type A Behavior Pattern" they say, "coronary heart disease almost never occurs before 70 years of age, regardless of the fatty foods eaten, the cigarettes smoked, or the lack of exercise But when this behavior pattern is present, coronary heart disease can easily erupt in one's thirties or forties"

Type A Behavior Pattern into which roughly half of all North Americans fall is a particular combination of traits, including excessive competitive drive, aggressiveness and a harrying sense of time urgency

Drs Friedman and Rosenman have also classified the person with the exact opposite behavior pattern to Type A, who is therefore less likely to suffer a heart attack This person, whom they call Type B, is rarely harried by desires to accumulate more and more possessions or to participate in an endlessly growing series of activities.

This excerpt from *Type A Behavior And Your Heart*, an important new book by Friedman and Rosenman, is reprinted by permission of Alfred A Knopf Inc., and explains how a person with Type A symptoms can become less prone to heart attacks by changing to a Type B

Perhaps no man, at first glance, seems less insecure than the typical Type A man He bristles with confidence and appears to exude lavish amounts of self-assurance and self-conviction How can we indict a man as being insecure who is always so eager to ask, "What is your problem and how can I help *you*?", a man who is so loath to say, "I have a problem and I need your help"? We do so because we have found, after many years of studying the Type A man, that he either lost or never had any intrinsic "yardstick" by which he can gauge his / *continued on page 81*



Typecasting your heart

You can tell if you are a Type A and thus more subject to heart attacks by checking your normal pattern of behavior against the qualities listed below

YOU ARE A TYPE A

1 If you have (a) a habit of explosively accentuating various key words in your ordinary speech even when there is no real need for such accentuation and (b) a tendency to utter the last few words of your sentences far more rapidly than the opening words The vocal explosiveness betrays the excess aggression or hostility you may be harboring The hurrying of the ends of sentences mirrors your underlying impatience with spending even the time required for your own speech
2 If you *always* move, walk and eat rapidly
3 If you feel an impatience with the rate at which most events take place
4 If you frequently strive to think of or do two or more things simultaneously
5 If you find it *always* difficult to refrain from talking about or bringing the theme of any conversation around to those subjects that especially interest and intrigue you
6 If you almost always feel vaguely guilty when you relax and do absolutely nothing
7 If you do not have any time to spare to become the things worth *being* because you are so preoccupied with getting the things worth *having*
8 If you attempt to schedule more and more in less and less time, making fewer allowances for the unforeseen
9 If, on meeting another severely afflicted Type A person instead of feeling compassion you find yourself compelled to "challenge" him This is a telltale trait because no one arouses aggressive and/or hostile feelings in one Type A subject more quickly than another Type A subject
10 If you believe that whatever success you have enjoyed has been due in good part to your ability to get things done faster than your fellowmen
11 If you find yourself increasingly committed to translating and evaluating not only your own but also the activities of others in terms of numbers

YOU ARE A TYPE B

1 If you are completely free of all the habits and exhibit none of the traits of severely afflicted Type A people
2 If you never suffer from a sense of time urgency with its accompanying impatience
3 If you harbor no free-floating hostility and you feel no need to display or discuss either your achievements or accomplishments unless such exposure is demanded by the situation in which you find yourself
4 If when you play you do so to find fun and relaxation not to exhibit your superiority at any cost
5 If you can relax without any guilt just as you can work without any agitation

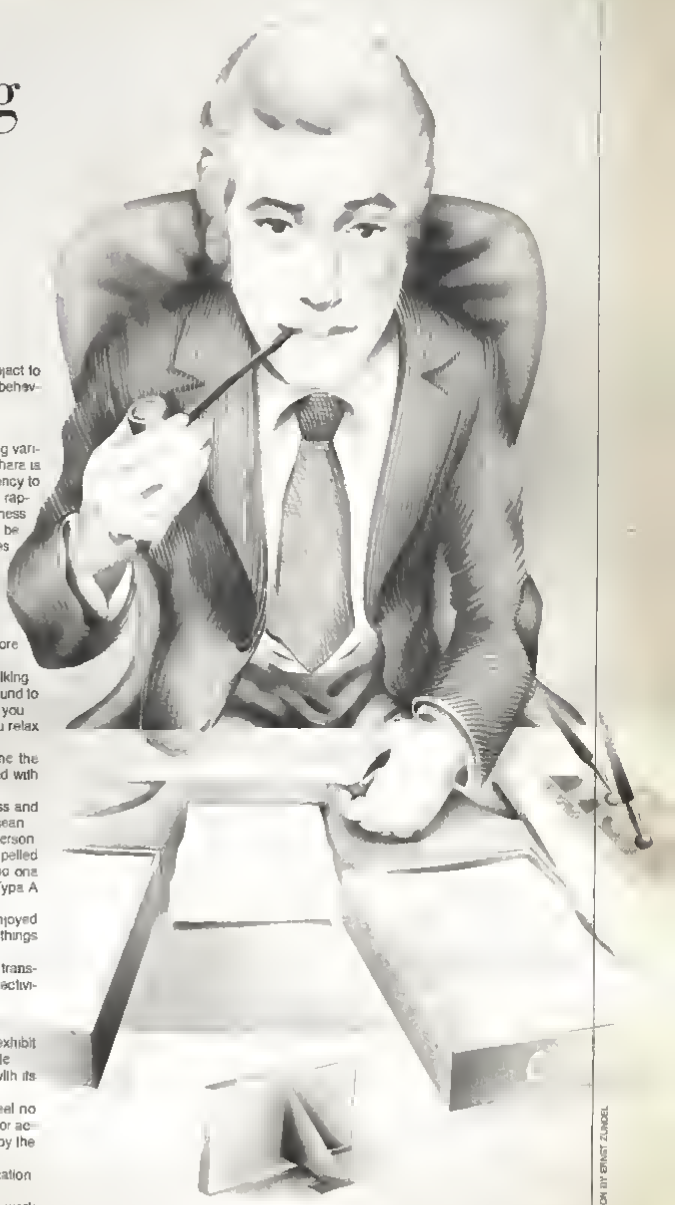


ILLUSTRATION BY ERNST ZUNDEL

GRAND HOTELS

Will there always be an England in the Empress of Victoria, the Windsor Arms of Toronto and the Ritz-Carlton of Montreal?

BY BRET TAYLOR

It is three o'clock on a fall afternoon in Victoria, British Columbia, time for Victoria's particular ritual to begin high tea at the Empress Hotel Tea begins precisely at three and ends by five and has been keeping these hours each day since the hotel opened in 1908

Mrs MacMillan who has lived in the hotel for 28 years, appears as if on cue in the hotel lobby and moves sedately to her favorite armchair, where Elsie Connon a waitress at the Empress for 20 years, has already poured a china cup of orange pekoe It is time to begin the ritual

The Empress with its tea habit is one of Canada's Grand Hotels It's true Canada has any number of good, efficient hotels geared to the modern business of fast accommodation But grandes dames with a history like the Empress are rare The Empress is to Victoria what the Windsor Arms is to Toronto and what the Ritz-Carlton is to Montreal, all grandes dames alike, synonymous with the grace and finer traditions of the cities they help distinguish For those who have taken rooms over the space of a lifetime, these hotels come closer to livery than to service, closer to charm than convenience closer to home than to hostelry closer to the past than to the future

High tea at the Empress has not appreciably changed, but the hotel itself has made changes for the



The conservatory is the highlight of its celebrated design



Photographs of Canada's First Ladies line the lobby's walls

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN REEVES

THE EMPRESS



The Empress retains a feeling of quiet dignity, contentment, good books and elegant sufficiency.

times Operation Teacup the hotel's renovation program has put seven million dollars into a face-lift that seems never quite finished The rooms vary from $25 to $200 a day but still retain a feeling of elegant sufficiency, contentment, retirement, of good books and tea

The history of the Empress Hotel is the history of British colonialist style It became an early 20th-century port-of-call residence, a must layover for the more discriminating luxury liners and their then version of jet-set travelers Winston Churchill stayed at the Empress, as did Edward Prince of Wales, an endless procession of European nobility prima ballerinas, Rudyard Kipling, *hoi polloi* of the theatre, portly industrialists, Shirley Temple, Queen Elizabeth, and Colonel Blimps on set incomes who used to live in Surrey

But gone are the days of the wealthy Edwardian widows who lived in rooms whose decor someone once described as "early parsonage parlor" Each evening they would dine in long gowns and lace dinner mittens over fingers holding lorgnettes

The Depression depleted the bank books if not the spirit of the dowagers and they continued to be ornaments of the lobby and to keep stiff upper lips through bad times Gradually, when all but a few had stopped taking meals in the dining room, it was discovered that they had covertly converted their suites into housekeeping conveniences One lady had to be asked, for the comfort of other guests not to cook liver and onions in her room Another was discovered searching the bushes in front of the hotel for a plucked chicken that had fallen from her window ledge where it was being kept cold

Most of them are gone, all gone

"Fact is we almost have to go out and hire old biddies to sit in the lobby at high tea High tea has become a time for *young* biddies families passing tourists with only a few of the old regulars about"

The new general manager of



Only seven permonent guests remain to grace its corridors



Furnished with beautiful Canadiana, no two rooms are alike



For George Minden, authenticity is the key to a unique hotel



Although it is the least grand of our Grand Hotels, it is the most superb small hotel in Canada.

the Empress, William Gray, is talking. He is staring through large windows with a view of the inner harbor from his large apartment at the top of the hotel. The apartment is furnished with some antiques, including a mint condition pipe organ and a collection of wooden pipe-organ flues gathered in small Prairie towns during his posting years earlier as the general manager of the Saskatchewan Hotel in Regina.

"Ten years ago this hotel had 75 permanent residents all of whom had been here for years and years. Now we have two," he says.

The Empress regulars are now only a legend but the hotel itself is still a classic edifice. Perhaps the highlight of the design is the conservatory, an arboretum kept in bloom by a team of five gardeners in concert with head gardener Stig Karlsson, who treats every plant as delicately as a black rose hybrid. And the hotel's Victorian Christmas Day is still an experience close to Dickens, the boar's head, suckling pig, caroling boys in the lobby, trifle, plum tart, the spirit of Father Christmas and the comforting notion that tomorrow is not just tomorrow but *Boxing Day*.

Now, 10 travel tours a day book into the Empress Hotel. More often than not it is peopled by conventions, seminars and other mass events. One wonders how long the Empress can retain a semblance of its former Wasp style, reminiscent of the Raj. It is the English characters with their odd British habits that kept the Empress image intact. Sow an act and you reap a habit, sow a habit and you reap a character, sow a character and you reap a destiny. The Empress changes are its destiny and one wonders out here in Victoria, British Columbia, of the other Wasp bastions to the east. What about them?

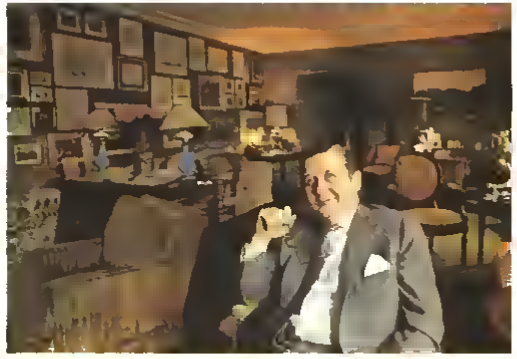
The Windsor Arms Hotel in Toronto is the least grand of the Grand Hotels. It is a four-story, 47-year-old brick-and-ivy cloister with only 88 rooms and suites. This compares with 416 at the Empress and 267 at the Ritz-Carlton in / continued on page 46



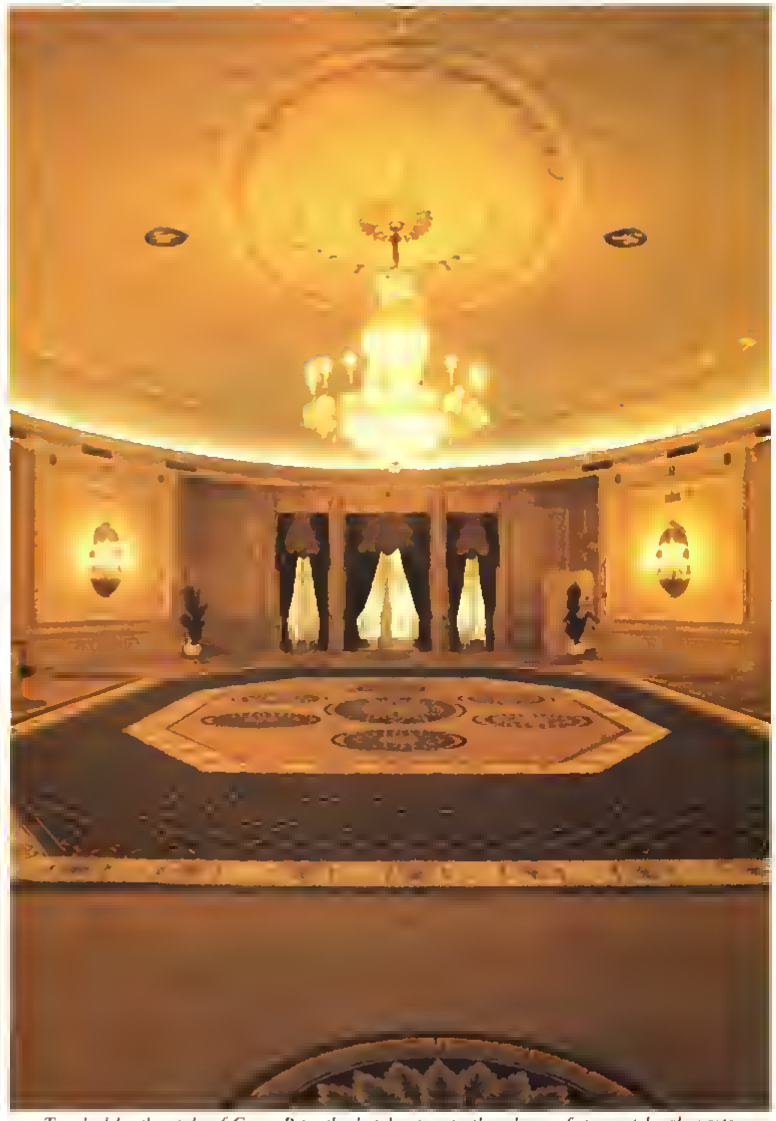
A recent face-lift has not tampered with lustrous perfection



The rooms blend traditional grace with contemporary comfort



Fred Laubi, manager of the Ritz-Carlton is the hotelier's hotelier.



Touched by the style of Cesar Ritz, the hotel caters to the whims of its most loyal guests.

My short, grisly career as a TV superstar

How a novice celebrity got a potato stuck in his mouth and why CBC Halifax was not amused

By HARRY BRUCE

It's hard to remember the lowest point among all the low points in my lightning career as the TV superstar of Halifax, Nova Scotia, but I think it was the cold morning I found myself standing under a sign that said, EAST IS EAST WEST IS WEST PEI POTATOES ARE THE BEST. That was at the Atlantic Winter Fair. I fondled a microphone in one hand, and a pamphlet called *Potatoes With Love* in the other, and I flopped around in this limp conversation with two young PEI potato promoters about the trillions of tons of spuds that leave the island each year and, well, you'd be surprised, you really would, by all the marvelous things you can do with them.

Dozens of rotten little kids — at winter fairs, *all* children are rotten little kids and there they deserve only the contempt of W. C. Fields — these kids kept heckling and bumping me, and the producer wrung his hands, the sound man fiddled and scowled, the cameraman smirked in the superior way of cameramen, and the lighting man beamed the evil tools of his trade so they'd not only blind me but also make the sweat pop from my face. And there I was, talking about "potato power," yes, *potato power*, and I was shaking all over and my voice squeaked and somewhere behind the great claustrophobic panic that I had learned must always afflict me when I faced a TV camera I was thinking, "My God, is this what I've come to? Is this what I've done to a once-great career in Canadian journalism?"

A simple taxpayer's thought also crossed my mind: if you added up the salaries of the CBC personnel (including me) who were there that morning to sell potatoes, and if you tossed in a figure to account for the use of the expensive electronic equipment we'd brought with us, you might very well have come up with enough money to fund some significant research on potato blight. Which, if you don't happen to know, may cause damage to unborn babies. (I *do* happen to know. potato blight was the subject of another of my least memorable television interviews for CBC Halifax.)

In any event, my shakiness combined with my lack of potato commitment in such a depressing way that the interview turned out to be one of only two I have ever done that were so excruciatingly awful that the people I worked for decided they could not inflict the stuff even on the good farmers of PEI.

The *other* unusable interview — and, believe me, an interview has to be terrible beyond human imagining for CBC Halifax to refuse to air it — was a studio session with the Honorable Paul Martin. It occurred about a month before the last federal election and, for reasons that still escape me, the show I worked for had it in its head that it would somehow be unethical to let politicians campaign on television. They were not to be too partisan. My assignment, if you can believe it, was to prevent Paul Martin from talking current politics during a federal election campaign. It would be easier to put seagulls on a fish-free diet.

I asked Mr. Martin to recall his masterly tactics as a grass-roots charmer, the supreme glad-hander and champion face-and-name-rememberer of Canadian politics a quarter-century ago. He looked baffled and, as Mr. Martin often does, a trifle put out, but, undisturbed by anything so dismissible as my questions, he plunged ahead to describe for Nova Scotia viewers the glories of Pierre Elliott Trudeau. He gave the appearance of a talking statue. The egg stuck firmly to my cheeks for the entire 10 minutes and, later, I bribed one of the thousands of sluggish denizens of CBC Halifax to destroy the tape.



But there was no one I could blame. Deep down, in my heart of hearts, I knew there were those who could have made Mr. Martin sparkle and potato talk scintillate as it had never scintillated before. Dick Cavett, Johnny Carson, David Frost: people like that would have known exactly how to ask, "Yes, but how do you *really* feel about mashed potatoes from PEI? What do they *really* mean to you, not just as a potato pusher but as a human being, as a precious young member of the human race in this, the most critical era in the history of mankind? Do you truly *love* potatoes? Are they terrific? Or are they an ineluctable part of your really *terrible* childhood?"

Jack Webster, Doug Collins, Pierre Berton, people like that would have known exactly how to say to Mr. Martin, "Come off it, Paul. Let's cut the political doubletalk, eh? Let's get the hell off the old statesmanship ploy. I know you. Now you give us the goods. Right? You give us the real poop, Paul, about how you made it to the Big Time in Canadian politics but never quite copped the Whole Ball of Wax." They'd know, but not me. I could break the world pole-vaulting record before I could master the art of television interviewing.

The show's name was *Gazette*. It had been *Gazette* since before most Nova Scotian college kids were born. It had opened when the station opened, back in the age of Louis St. Laurent, back in 1954. It was the longest-running supper-time talk show in the whole history of Canadian television and, to make matters worse for so blushing a newcomer as myself, two of the show's original Personalities were still with it and, like fine wine, they were improving with each passing year. They were Don Tremaine, announcer and master of light conversation, and Rube Hornstein, intrepid interviewer and a weatherman whose television experience is unmatched anywhere in the country, even by Percy Saltzman. Rube and Don (and *Gazette* itself) were Nova Scotian institutions, like the schooner Bluenose and equalization payments, and one did not take lightly one's on-camera adventures with the likes of them.

There was a lot of heritage to honor, too many boots to fill. Thousands of *Gazette*-watchers dearly remembered Max Ferguson, the great Rawhide himself, and Lloyd MacInnes, a man of legendary on-camera suavity. I came in as *Gazette*'s "host" and, in my case, the word was outrageous hyperbole. Moreover, the previous host had been a *hostess*, a gorgeous and frighteningly talented young Halifax housewife who had the double advantage of bearing the name Marilyn MacDonald (in Nova Scotia almost every second person you meet is a MacDonald, a / *continued on page 62*

Gene Mauch: The Lion in Summer

The story of a rough on the diamond

By JOHN ROBERTSON

Not yet!" whispered the frantic doorman as he raised a finger to his lips in front of the Expos' clubhouse and peered back over his shoulder into manager Gene Mauch's office. "He's going crazy in there!" An ear-splitting crash followed by a series of echoing clunks told everyone that another impudent trash can had just crossed Mauch's path.

"Go ahead . . . ask him," said a reporter, prodding the doorman in the back. The doorman inched toward Mauch's office, nudged the door open a few inches, and pleaded with the Little General.

"I don't give a goddam," howled Mauch. "Let the bastards in . . ."

The reporters eyed each other mischieviously, wiped the insincerity off their faces and dutifully trooped into Mauch's cubicle, where the manager sat tilted back in his swivel chair, his legs apart, scratching his crotch. His molten blue eyes swept the room with a mixture of impatience and contempt. Then he suddenly reared back and drove a furious fist into the top of his desk.

"Goddammit! That one hurt . . ."

The Expos had led the Phillies 6-1 after six innings. When the lead shrank to 6-3 in the seventh, Mauch had called in ace relief pucher Mike Marshall. And the thought of Marshall being unable to hold a three-run lead was as outrageous to Mauch as having Moses part the Red Sea, invite the believers to follow and then, when they are half way across, say "Sorry folks, I just can't hold it any longer." Marshall lost it 9-6.

"Figured out how you're going to handle [Philadelphia pitcher] Steve Carlton tomorrow?" a reporter asked.

"I got all night to think about that," brayed Mauch. "*after* I get through thinking about this." Then he bolted out of his chair and advanced on the intruders, clad only in his sweaty long johns. "Now get the hell out of here," he scowled, "all of you."

We closed our notebooks and filed out. Another day. Another loss. This was Gene Mauch's life, as seen through the eyes of a reporter who followed him through the National League pressure cooker every day for two seasons, one eye on the lunar tides, the other on the scoreboard.

Gene Mauch has the most fertile, inventive mind of any manager in the game today. He will resort to any tactic to beat you. Like the time New York Met catcher Jerry Grote chased a pop fly into the Philly dugout. In such cases it's considered good sportsmanship for people in the dugout to give the catcher the right-of-way. Not Mauch. He planted himself in Grote's path, met him head-on, and made it impossible for the New York catcher to hang onto the ball.

The dugout steps are Mauch's private domain. He traditionally paces up and down them, inching his five-foot-10, 173-pound bantam rooster frame as close to the action as possible. From this post he can torment opposing players with scathing verbal darts, upsetting their concentration, he can needle offending umpires into giving him that infinitesimal edge on close calls, he can deploy his defense like so many chess pawns, a new alignment for every hitter, and he can be alone, totally absorbing every nuance of the game.

Gene Mauch is indeed all the things a manager should be to his players: pugnaciously loyal, fanatically dedicated, a leader by example who commands and gets their unquestioning respect.

So accustomed is he to orchestrating the games his people play, he cannot abide dealing with anyone he can't manipulate. Therefore those newspapermen who refuse to allow themselves to be brainwashed into endorsing his every move end up being fed alternate servings of cold shoulder and hot tongue. But even those who baste his ego with steady streams of superlatives never do gain full acceptance because he knows they cannot help him win — and if you cannot help Gene Mauch win you cannot help him, period.

He treats the press like a truck driver does a string of red lights when he's in a hurry to get somewhere. He knows he's obliged to stop, look and listen, but he doesn't have time to dawdle. Neither does he need to be reassured by camp followers about his ability to drive the machine. "Given two teams of equal ability," Mauch says, "I'll be the difference."

Few people in baseball quarrel with that statement. Last year when I was in the Cincinnati dugout, manager Sparky Anderson — who himself boasts three division championships and two National League pennants in his last four seasons — sensed that I was less than enthusiastic about Mauch. "Look," he said, "there's no such thing as the perfect manager, but Mauch comes closer than anyone I've ever seen."

Curiously, for all his acknowledged managerial genius, Mauch's record is that of a loser. In 14 seasons managing in the National League, his teams have lost 150 more games than they've won, with a composite record of 992 wins and 1,142 losses in nine seasons at Philadelphia and five at Montreal. He's never won a championship, and the only one he ever came close to winning — in Philadelphia in 1964 — he was accused of blowing. By mid-September, he had the Phillies seven games in front of the league. Mauch could do no wrong. He juggled his lineup incessantly and . . . / *continued on page 78*



PHOTOGRAPH COURTESY OF THE MONTREAL EXPOS



PHOTOGRAPH OF LAURENT P CARD BY JOHN REEVES

The CBC under siege

A corporation programmed for failure

By VAL CLERY

It was the second day of the Canadian Radio-Television Commission's hearings, held last winter to consider renewal of the CBC's broadcasting licenses. People were slowly, talkatively, resuming their places after lunch. Remote from the floodlit podium, where the 14 commissioners were settling back behind their table, sat the CBC's president, Laurent Picard, alone in the last dim row of public seating. He had removed his spectacles to massage the bridge of his nose between forefinger and thumb, and looked weary, his greying head bent.

Picard had survived — for the moment, at least. The day before, the long opening day of the hearings, he had presented the corporation's case for further renewal of its licenses. His performance, judged "brilliant" by most of the TV columnists in attendance, had shown the verve of an advertising executive in pursuit of a lush account.

The morning of this second day with three more days of briefs and CBC rebuttals yet to come had not been too rough on Laurent Picard. There had been two briefs voicing complaints, but the third brief of the morning, from the Canadian Broadcasting League, had more than made up for the earlier attacks. Like everyone else in the room, Picard had strained forward to see the man who led the league's delegation to the tables at one side of the podium, the legendary Graham Spry, who more than any man living could claim credit for the existence of the CBC. In his seventies now, his head silver-tonsured, Spry was still erect and vigorous in his movements. It had been an occasion, probably the last, for defense that Spry would make of what he and a few others had created 40 years ago. Pierre Juneau, CRTC chairman, had leaned forward to voice an affectionate welcome and Spry, briskly thrusting his head toward the microphone, had boldly laid out the league's demand that the CBC's licenses should be renewed without conditions. At the end of the presentation, when the hearings had broken off for lunch, Laurent Picard had hurried forward to shake Spry's hand.

But now Picard looked weary, even a bit discouraged. I wondered why. Pierre Juneau had pointed out that this was not an "investigation" of the CBC. There was never any doubt that the commission would renew the CBC's licenses, and a few months later they were renewed for five years, with the stipulation that the CBC slash its advertising by 50% and double its Canadian programming in prime time. And after two years as president, and four as vice-president, surely Picard was hardened to bearing the slings and arrows continually aimed at the corporation.

/ continued on page 50

A network that's good and getting better

By LAURENT PICARD

The CBC has to have programs for everyone. I reject the idea of an elitist or highly specialized CBC and the Canadian people reject that idea too, or certainly most of them do. Our research studies tell us that people are looking for something extra, something different from the CBC in terms of program style, program quality, Canadian content and hard information. But they still want entertainment, they still want variety, they feel that the CBC is theirs and they want to be able to enjoy it.

Our own plans for the CBC's future follow that pattern. We believe the concept of balanced service, which is set out in the Broadcasting Act, is a valid one for the CBC. For one thing, our vast distribution system and technical plant, and the human and financial resources which support it, could hardly be justified for a specialized type of service directed only to a minority. And in Canada you can't separate programs from the distribution system; distribution is the lifeline, the spinal cord if you like, of Canadian broadcasting. Remove it and you have no CBC.

There's another reason why we have to program for everyone. We're supposed to be involved in the development of Canadian life — Canadian expression, Canadian social and political achievement, Canadian talent, Canadian unity. I don't think we can do that if our programs are not designed to touch everyone at one time or another. If Canadians do not see themselves on CBC television and recognize their own voices on CBC radio. In searching for a visual image of what the CBC should be, I think of a kaleidoscope with colors and patterns constantly forming and reforming, a total reflection of the country but always new and flexible as the country itself changes and matures.

In the past few months we have been looking very carefully at Canadian broadcasting and the CBC's place in it, and I see a number of important objectives for the future.

The first is to improve program quality. Obviously it's not a new objective, but it must have a new priority. For the past few years we have been concentrating on increased Canadian content, and I think it's well known that we have far exceeded the CRTC's requirements of 60% Canadian programming. We've reached approximately 70% in television and may go somewhat higher, although not to the exclusion of good imported shows.

We have also streamlined our management process, decentralized our operations and consolidated the administrative and financial side of things. In other words we've been trying to tidy up and civilize the

/ continued on page 64

THE PROBLEM

Our authors are being ripped off

THE SOLUTION

Make readers pay for their library books

BY MARIAN ENGEL

CHAIRMAN, WRITERS' UNION OF CANADA

Last year at a party I struck up a conversation with a handsome Frenchman. He asked me what I did. I said, unabashedly, because it's easier in French than in English, "I'm a novelist."

"*Ah*," he replied, "*c'est un beau métier*." It's a good trade.

It was such a lovely thing to hear. I nearly sat down and cried. It was lovely, but it wasn't true. Book-writing is a lousy trade in Canada.

People have wonderfully exaggerated ideas about the writer's situation. Either he is romantically starving — when he dies of it, he'll be respected — or so richly rewarded for his books that he spends his leisure time in Nassau and his working time dictating quickies to a secretary. The truth is that the rewards from Canadian sales are mediocre.

Very few Canadian writers support themselves by their literary, as opposed to their journalistic work. Those few who do tend to live in the country, and not high on the bog. The rest of us struggle along on advances of from $300 to $1 000 for books accepted by publishers, 5% to 10% royalties, from which advances are deductible, small provincial arts grants, large Canada Council grants once in a blue moon, writing book reviews, magazine articles and CBC scripts and boeing turnips.

Take my own case. I have three novels out. The critics say they are good. I have never received a Canadian advance on any of them that was more than $750. One of them, *The Honeyman Festival* which is on Canadian Literature courses across the country and in the U.S., has yet to bring in $1 000. I'm glad it was published in a cheap edition, but the return to me from that cheap edition is 20 cents a copy. I was offered one dollar for the film rights by a Canadian producer but decided to hold onto them for old times' sake. It took me five years to write that book. Thank God my husband keeps me.

So if you meet a Canadian author mumbling to himself on the street you'll find out he's not saying anything elevated, he's doing old, old math: 3 000 X $7.95, that's about $24 000, 10% of that, $2,400, $800 of that spent, $1,600, when's accounting day? Why isn't the book getting into Coles?

Well, you say, still, that's pretty good for spare time work, isn't it?

Good books aren't made in spare time. Hemingway let that cat out of the bag when he revealed that he rewrote the famous retreat from Caporetto scene in *A Farewell To Arms* 84 times. Nobody dashes off good prose, it comes from the most intense concentration and regular exercise at the typewriter. Writers beg, borrow and steal time to pit themselves against this kind of excellence. The genius who composes a masterpiece in a month is a legend. Even bad writers work unbelievably hard at their books.

Only money can buy time, and how is the Canadian writer to get enough money to buy time if he can't get it from the limited Canadian sale of his work?

In Australia, New Zealand, and Scandinavia, an author is paid a fee for the use of his books in public libraries.

Heresy, you say? An end to Andrew Carnegie's great dream of free books for the masses? Aren't taxes high enough already, and don't they already pay for librarians and books?

When I'm in line at a library counter behind a woman in a matched mink hat and coat getting seven Canadian novels free when she could afford to buy them (she'll pay happily for the newest Jackie Susann), I think, to heck with free libraries. But I, like you, first learned to love books in a dark, cosy children's library, down there among the terrestrial globes and the stuffed alligators. I wouldn't deprive anyone of the flying-up ceremony, that first chance to go upstairs to the adult book world and discover Lawrence Durrell, Hugh MacLennan and Virginia Woolf all on the same day. Not for the world would I dream of depriving Canadians of public libraries.

It isn't necessary. In Sweden, the government provides funds out of which Swedish authors are paid set fees when books are borrowed. This is called Library Compensation. When you take a book out of a library, or use a reference book, approximately six cents is set aside for its author. In Denmark, things are slightly different. Authors are paid on the basis of the number of books of theirs that are in libraries, not in terms of the books' circulation. In both countries money is paid into a central fund. In Sweden this helps finance literary prizes, pensions and forms of social insurance, and in 1972 they began working toward a guaranteed annual stipend for certain authors. In Britain, a radical authors group led by novelists Brigid Brophy and Maureen Duffy, is promoting a scheme similar to the Swedish one.

Like ourselves the Swedes are great readers. They have, in addition, the advantage of a separate language. When Swedish authors in 1969 wanted an increase of lending right money from one cent to six cents a withdrawal, they drove trucks up to the libraries and, perfectly legally, cards in hand, withdrew nearly all the Swedish books. The authors returned the books next day, but their action drew attention to their plight and they got their raise the next year.

The new Writers' Union of Canada, which was founded last fall in Ottawa, isn't planning any such radical protest. (If all the Canadian books were removed from Canadian libraries, would they go out of business? Of course not.) What the union is determined to do is obtain for its writers due compensation for the use of their work. It is clear from the situation of the Canadian writer that many public institutions expect him to live off that vaporous substance "prestige."

It is clear also that library circulation without compensation is at least a moral violation of copyright. A library compensation scheme on the Swedish model would not be difficult to administer. In the small libraries, a circulation count can be kept by putting extra cards in the backs of Canadian books, taking them out and putting them into a shoebox as they are circulated, and counting them up at the end of the year. The large libraries are computerized, an extra hole in a punch card is not much work. Middle-sized operations which use mechanical checkout machines would benefit from an English device which reads information from a strip of magnetic tape on the spine of a circulating book.

If funds were provided by the federal and/or provincial governments, library buying policy would not be affected. The scheme is already endorsed by other countries, and is established as a moral right. It's time we had it here.

They said we writers were crazy to form a union. They said we'd never, individualists all, get along together. They said we didn't know enough about business to do anything effective for ourselves. But at one of the founding meetings I sat down in a room with people like Margaret Laurence, Farley Mowat, Fred Bodsworth, Margaret Atwood, W. O. Mitchell, Harold Horwood, Graeme Gibson, Rudy Wiebe and Alice Munro, and I felt as if I had come home. This was my family, and it had come together to solve its own problems. The writers were unanimous in their desire for library compensation, and businesslike in their agenda. They were not greedy. Their egos were subordinated to a unified desire to make writing a better trade in this country — *un beau métier*, in fact.

If, as a citizen, you are in favor of (or strongly against) Canadian adoption of library compensation, write to your MP about it. If you are a writer whose books have been published here or abroad, write to the Union at 13 Bowman Street, Toronto, Ontario M4X 1V1, and lobby for it. If you can't make up your mind, buy a book. It won't come out in paperback unless enough hardcovers are sold to make it worth the publisher's while to bring out a cheap edition. ♔

This is the fifth in a new Maclean's *series,* Solutions, *which tries to provide answers for the many issues that face Canadians today.* Maclean's *welcomes readers' suggestions for topics and experts to tackle them. We'll pay for accepted submissions. Address Solutions, Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Avenue, Toronto, Ontario M5W 1A7.*



HOTELS *from page 36*

Montreal Still it is the most superb *small* hotel in Canada

It was originally a resident hotel —all guests were both particular and permanent But now only seven permanent guests remain

One of them, a former head of the orthopedic department of the Hospital for Sick Children, is off for his noon stroll to the York Club where he will take lunch Mr Lindsay Laird a retired banker who has lived in the hotel for 34 years buds him good day but the doctor is hard of hearing and passes by

Mr Laird continues to sit on a period bench under paintings by the Canadian Gerald Scott Each morning, exactly at eight-fifteen Mr Laird arrives at the Grill of the Three Small Rooms, the hotel's widely acclaimed restaurant Breakfast is waiting at his private table Fruit juice, dry cereal and tea. This amidst a cornucopia of the finest foods His breakfast diet never changes

He lived in Room 105 for 31 years and was in the habit each Saturday night of visiting his friend Alfred Jones in 404 They'd listen to (and later watch) the hockey game and talk about what was worthwhile that had been printed in the *Globe and Mail* that morning Mr Jones was 96 years old when a nurse phoned 105 one evening and told Lindsay that Alfred "had quietly slipped away."

By this time Lindsay Laird notices that Miss Irene Lane has entered the lobby He approaches her to say how wonderful was his night at the opera (Wagner's *Twilight Of The Gods*) Rex Harrison steps out of the elevator as does Sir John Gielgud, as years before, so had Katharine Hepburn, Gloria Swanson Christopher Plummer, Carol Channing the Earl of Harewood and any number of celebrities of a certain order It is the policy of the hotel however never to release the names of its guests Privacy is a sacred thing Once when Katharine Hepburn stepped out of a limousine and entered the hotel followed by endless luggage, a gentleman approached the desk and asked if that was really *she*, Katharine Hepburn

"We have no such information, sir," the man was told politely but firmly

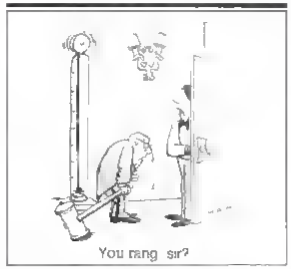
The man capable of such tact is desk manager Tony Silverthorn He's the man who faces the fragile business of answering requests and making each guest feel at home He is the sort of manager who understands that for some guests the only way to deal with temptation is to yield to it That is he is understanding of the sometimes foolish demands of successful individuals

The Windsor Arms has an ambience comparable to only one other hotel in Canada: the larger Ritz-Carlton of Montreal They both contain hallways so quiet you can hear a tea bag being immersed One suspects that in the rooms of elderly guests rouge stains the pillowcases.

This ambience, rare enough in this Conrad Hilton world, is not created by the elderly couple discussing *Twilight Of The Gods* in the lobby but by two quite different men who have arrived at a state of grace from other directions

George Minden, 37, is a hotelier who gradually came to his profession He was born in Toronto and once studied philosophy and English in pursuit of an academic career As a young man his interests became esoteric and time was spent as he says, among friends who knew when to laugh at the bassoon joke in Brahms' *Academic Festival Overture* But it was just after university, when he toured Burgundy under the tutelage of a wine master, that the notion of a hotel with fine wines and excellent restaurants took hold

Later, at the request of his father who had an interest in the hotel he took on a summer job as a food buyer Gradually he became fascinated with the operation of the place discovered a chef who was pilfering funds had him sacked and decided to stay on Today George Minden owns the Windsor Arms Hotel and drives a classic R-Type Bentley Sports Saloon (postwar) with coachwork by H J Mulliner, of which only 193 ever existed


You rang sir?

When he first took over the direction of the hotel it was known, he will tell you, for "a long restaurant called the Burgundy Room that looked like a bowling alley and like most hotel dining rooms of the period was synonymous with chicken à la king." In the early Sixties therefore, he began trying out the greatest restaurants in the western world — "to find out what it was about them that made them magical"

The lesson he learned was one of essence rather than fact. He could see that each restaurant, no matter where it was, was excellent because it was authentic

A decision was made to rid himself of the bowling alley downstairs and create restaurants authentic to the experience and needs of Toronto As he says, "to reinterpret classical dining in contemporary terms"

For this ambitious task he began to build his staff of 60 to more than 130 In an attempt to create an effective creative team behind him, he hired David Barrette a professional hotelier who had apprenticed at the Ritz Savoy and Claridge's in London. David Barrette today is general manager of the Windsor Arms He is a key figure in the operation of the hotel and a man whose decisions are enormously respected by George Minden So closely together does Minden's creative team work that the head chef Herbert Sonzogni, is considered part of the management team

When the Three Small Rooms came to be created, Minden and his team turned their backs on designers who said the rooms should be "Tudoresque" or "Henry VIII" Minden stuck to his mandate to find an idiom pertinent to Toronto and hired a bright young architect by the name of Janis Kravis to do just that Every point of design, piece of furniture and ashtray is authentic Customers came by droves

"The decision to create an external rather than internal direction of the hotel worked Guests just don't eat in hotel restaurants the way they used to" he says "The restaurants, the hotel and the bar all have different atmospheres and that is a calculated thing to bring in separate clienteles"

It is this authenticity that makes the Windsor Arms Hotel unique George Minden's wife, Pamela, helped decorate each room emphasizing Canadiana decor pine cabinets, brass beds — she explored the small towns of Ontario to find them — supplemented by antiques from Europe

The hotel's Three Small Rooms have become so popular that Minden has opened up two other Toronto cafés His pièce de résistance however will open this month and will be a winter garden with a glass dome called the Courtyard Restaurant and Café (Minden says it's the "largest steel sculpture in the world") It will be directly at the centre of the hotel and in the afternoons string quartets will play early Beethoven and late Mozart.

Doubtless Mr Lindsay Laird will be there, sipping Twinings Earl Grey's tea and requesting the overture from Wagner's *Twilight Of The Gods*

Fred Laubi, 50, manager of the Ritz-Carlton Hotel in Montreal, is from a background of great European hoteliers He is the hotelier's hotelier, one of the top five anywhere At the moment he is sipping Campari sitting on a satin couch in his apartment at the top of the Ritz.

Before taking over the Ritz in 1970 Fred Laubi was manager of both the Gritti Palace and Lido's Excelsior Palace in Venice The very hotels where

continued on page 48



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HOTELS *continued*

Visconti filmed *Death In Venice*. The Gritti, during Laubi's tenure, had been called the finest small hotel in the world. Laubi's penthouse at the Ritz has this Venetian integrity of Tintoretto hues, damask, Fortuny fabrics, with oil miniatures, packed with warm, rich furnishings.

If Minden of the Windsor Arms grew up a nice Toronto boy with no genuine notion of entering the hotel business, Laubi of the Ritz hardly ever believed he would do anything else. Born a Swiss, he grew up in France, attended school in Paris and graduated from L'Ecole Hotelière in Lausanne. He started at the bottom shining shoes and tending the garden, and gradually learned every aspect of hotel business.

"The most important thing about running a hotel is craft," Fred Laubi is saying. "Since cooking is my great love it is a real advantage, for example, to be able to walk into a kitchen and tell the chef exactly what the sauce needs to make it better. I taste in the kitchen three times a day."

At the Gritti, Laubi was known for keeping a secret file for his staff's eyes only. Special guests were rated VIP, VVIP and VVVIP. The *belle gent* (top people) rating three Vs were such people as Princess Grace, Marcello Mastroianni, Charles de Gaulle and Giovanni Agnelli. The card system included written instructions to desk clerks on how the *ottim chenn* (best clients) be handled, their idiosyncrasies and preferences detailed. For instance, the card on high fashion designer Valentina, widow of George Schlee, still reads *"arriva sempre de mattina treno Paris,"* because Madame Schlee always arrives every July 1 on the eight-thirty-five morning train from Paris. The concierge is also reminded that though she is in her seventies she prefers to walk the stairs to her room and forsake the elevator. At the Ritz, Laubi instructs his staff to handle each regular guest selectively in much the same way. Important whims of the loyal guests are noted.

The Ritz, not unlike the Empress, has undergone millions of dollars worth of face-lifting over the past few years. Laubi is always careful to make refinements. For instance, a vast 18th-century oil hangs in the newly appointed lobby. He bought it personally from a French count while visiting his castle.

But the Maritime Bar, with its extraordinary bouillabaisse, and the Café de Paris, with its reputable cellar and always dependable cuisine, have been changed only slightly. Both are Montreal institutions and Laubi has enough good judgment not to tamper with that kind of perfection. The ballroom and the courtyard, which once had taken on a kind of seedy gentility, have been restored and amended in the best possible way. The refurbished rooms vary from $35 to $200 a day and manage to bridge the elusive gap between contemporary comforts and traditional grace.

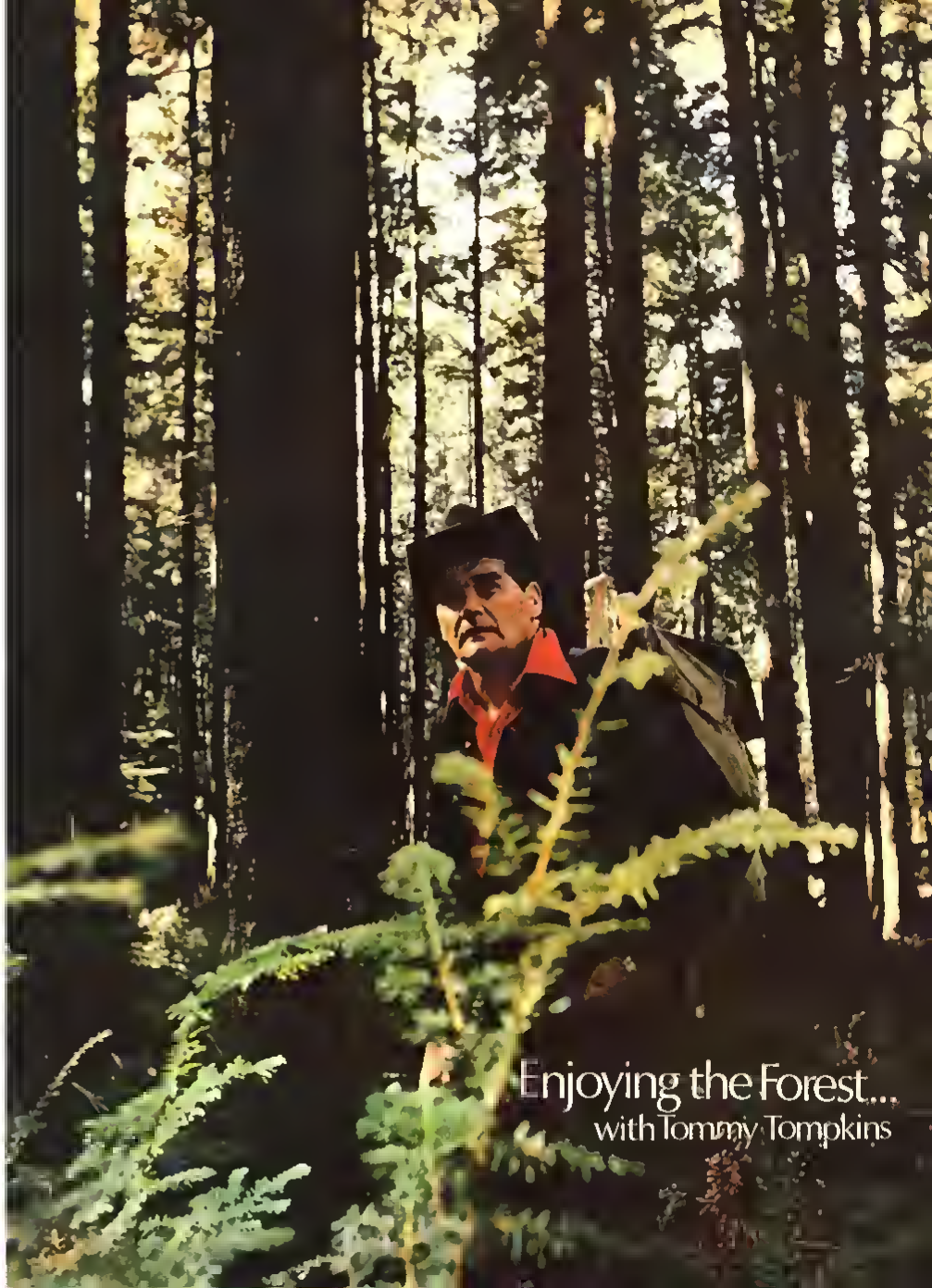
Before Fred Laubi came along to breathe fresh winds into the sometimes arid conservatism of the Ritz, the hotel had taken on a legend of stuffy eccentricity. It was a second home for the Anglo-Westmount rich, a fortress against growing French Canadian self-awareness. It might have been a hotel in Boston.

The King of Siam, Anthony Eden, the Duke and Duchess of Windsor, Douglas Fairbanks, the Crown Prince of Japan, Lord Baldwin, Lady Duveen, President William Howard Taft, Queen Marie of Romania, God knows how many others all had a swell time there. The hotel, though now owned by a Montreal syndicate, had been touched after all, by the style of César Ritz, the man Edward VII called the "hotelkeeper to kings and the king of hotelkeepers."

Back in the Forties and Fifties, C. B. Thorn, a pulp and paper magnate of Norwegian descent, was regarded by Charles of the Ritz (the famous headwaiter who retired his service after 42 years) as the paragon all guests should emulate. Charles would say of the connoisseur: "Mr. Thorn's dinner usually lasted from seven to ten. First he would talk over the menu with the chef, arranging every detail. Then he would start with a cocktail, follow it with hors d'oeuvres, aquavit or beer. With his consommé he'd take a sherry. Then he would pause for a smoke. A fish course came next. With it he drank red wine, a Norwegian custom. Then he would pause for another smoke. A meat course followed. One of his favorite dishes was a mixture of lamb and goose livers with sauce Périgueux. This he ate with red wine, of course, and he would pause after it for a third smoke. Often he ordered a Nesselrode pudding with chestnuts and a vanilla sauce. With the dessert he would drink a dry champagne. Then came coffee, a good cigar and a fine liqueur. After that Mr. Thorn would always call for his usual Scotch and soda."

Although these are the days of the American urge to rush lunch, the Ritz still encourages the Mr. Thorns of this world. The Ritz, you see, has had a reputation of only tolerating certain kinds of excess. Consider this story.

"Probably the most idle of Canada's idle rich in the Forties was Elwood Hosmer, the son of Charles Rudolph Hosmer, president of Ogilvie Flour Mills. Elwood spent most of his days drinking gin and smoking cigars in one of the lobby lounge chairs at the Ritz-Carlton Hotel, often answering nature's calls in the pot of a nearby palm tree. His man-



Tommy Tompkins outdoorsman and naturalist is well known to thousands of Canadians, especially students who have enjoyed his lectures and films on nature and wildlife. He has also appeared on national television in Canada, the United States and other countries. Although public appearances take up much of his time, Tommy is most at home in the forests where he has travelled extensively.

MacMillan Bloedel, a company that grows and manages more trees than any other forest products firm in Canada, believes that Canadians should know more about the forests, how to live with them and how to enjoy them in safety. MB sponsors Tommy Tompkins' public appearances because it believes his love of nature has a special meaning for people whose daily lives are increasingly subject to urban pressures. With Tommy's guidance we may find more enjoyment in the forests.



Trees are everywhere in Canada. They cover 1.2 million square miles of the land and they vary from the coniferous cedars, hemlocks and firs of the west coast to the birches and poplars of the prairies and the hardwoods of the east. Forests of some kind are within easy reach of most Canadians and as cities become more crowded and people seek the solace of natural beauty they make increasing use of forested lands for recreation.

Canada has 100 million acres of national, provincial and regional parks and millions of people visit them each year. Thousands more use the roads built by forest products companies to reach forested areas that once were inaccessible. Roads built by MacMillan Bloedel in British Columbia are always open to the public except in areas where there is logging activity. Little wonder, then, that there is so much interest in nature lore, wildlife photography, hiking, mountain climbing and wilderness survival. As a company with its origins in the great coniferous forests of Canada's west coast, MacMillan Bloedel feels that some of Tommy Tompkins' knowledge of the forests should be made available to the public and that is the purpose of this booklet.



MacMillan Bloedel and other forest products companies plan their timber harvest so as to protect essential wintering areas for game and other wildlife and care is taken to provide corridors for game movement to winter range.

In British Columbia where most MB operations are located, the provincial government owns 95% of the forest land and the B. C. Forest Service sets the logging guidelines to provide for environmental protection. Companies harvesting the timber are responsible for the protection of streams, spawning grounds and areas of special value.

Forests are managed under various kinds of agreements with the provincial government. These agreements call for companies such as MB to harvest the timber, to protect the forests under management from fire and disease, to build their own logging roads and to restock and care for cut-over lands. For each tree that is cut on publicly-owned land the government charges the companies a fee called "stumpage" which is based on the selling price of logs, lumber and chips.

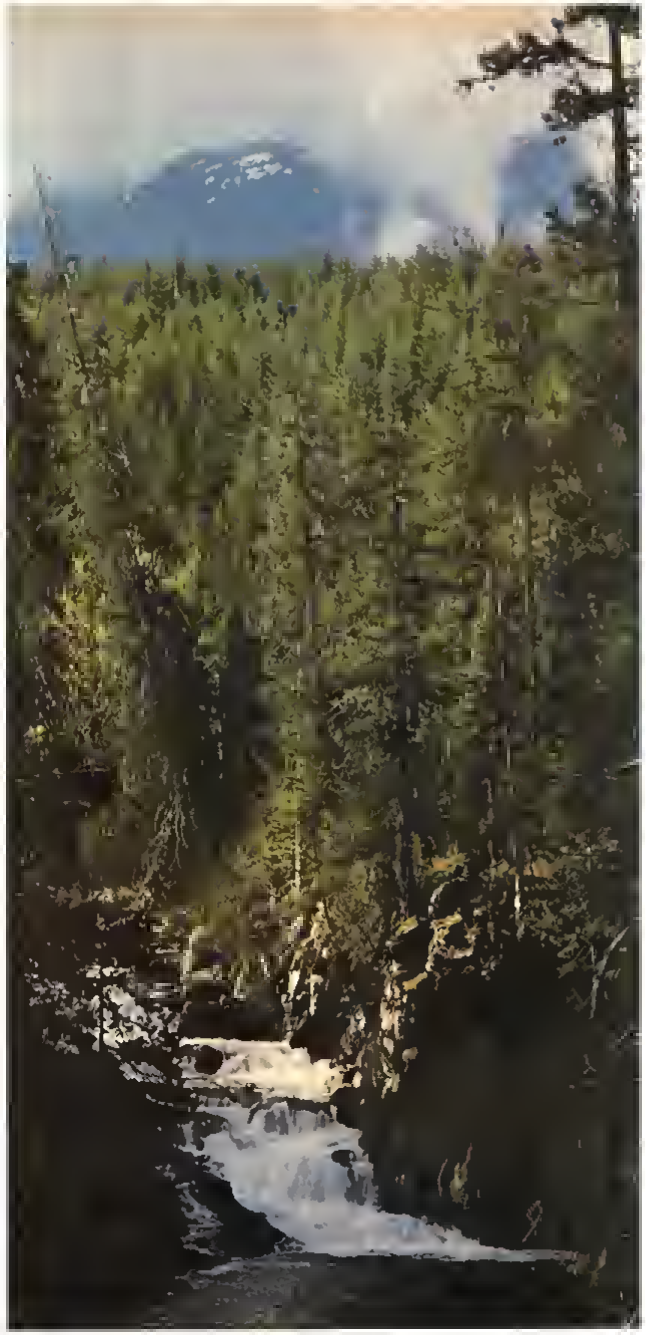
It is MB policy to restock lands as soon as possible after logging and, if this is not achieved quickly by natural re seeding, forestry crews move in to do the job by hand planting.

MB began replanting logged areas as early as 1938 and the company will soon plant its 100-millionth seedling. Many second growth areas are posted to show the year in which seedlings were planted. MB begins replanting within one to three years of harvesting.

If we are to meet the demand for wood and wood fibres, some of our forests will have to be logged every year. The sight of logged-over land pleases no one, but we should remember that it is only a temporary condition and that the hillsides will soon be restored to healthy growth to provide a new crop of trees for another generation.

Most of Canada's 919,000 square miles of forests suitable for harvest are covered by some form of management agreement between governments and individual operators. Hundreds of companies are engaged in the forest industry, ranging in size from relatively small firms to large integrated companies such as MacMillan Bloedel which is the largest forest products company in Canada.



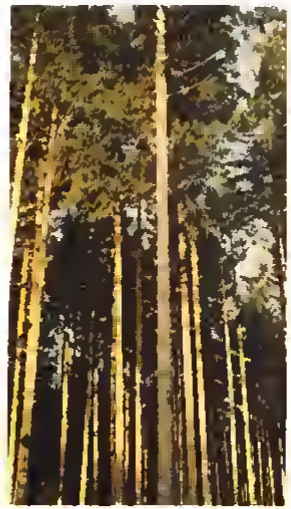


Several hundred thousand people are employed directly by the industry in this country.

MB employs over 24,000 people — 19,000 of them in Canada — in mills manufacturing building materials, pulp, paper and packaging products, and in logging, forestry, transportation and other support services. MB last year had sales of $1.2 billion and 80% of those sales represented exports to other countries, thereby contributing substantially to Canada's export earnings.

The national economy also benefits from expenditures made by forest industry companies. For example, MB alone last year had costs and expenses of over $1 billion, including $290 million in wages, salaries and employee benefits. If MB and other forest products companies are to continue making contributions of this size to the economy, they must be able to depend on two things:

- They must have an assured, long-term timber supply. Without that, they cannot justify the investment of millions of dollars in mills, equipment and logging roads and make the kind of long-term commitment required in forestry.
- The building materials, pulp and paper and packaging products manufactured from Canadian timber must be marketable outside the country at a price competitive with that of all other producers in the world if the industry is to maintain jobs at their present level.





The mountain stream on the opposite page flows through an area that was logged several years ago. Vigorous new growth has been established right up to the edge of the stream. Shade provides shelter for fish and there are no over-mature trees that winds could blow into the water.

The newer forests such as the one on the left above is an example of a stand of timber that has been managed and protected and thinned to give the best possible growing conditions with maximum light and space. Here your chances of photographing birds and wildlife are excellent.

Over-mature forests such as the one at the right are beautiful to look at and many such forests have been set aside in wilderness areas and parks. They will be protected in perpetuity as examples of our primitive forests, sometimes called "virgin forests". Because of the dense growth of vegetation and the limited light in such forests, they can support relatively few birds or other wildlife and there is little new growth except for ferns and mosses. They are botanical museums.

Poisonous Plants

A few plants in the forests are poison and we should learn to identify them. Don't think that because you see birds or animals eating a plant that it is therefore safe for humans. This is not always the case. A thrush can swallow a yew seed that would be deadly to a man. Buttercups which animals may browse contain a poison that, though not deadly, causes inflammation of the intestines if eaten by man.

Learn to identify poison oak and poison ivy. If you come into contact with it, wash repeatedly with soap and water. Once blisters appear on your skin, do not rub them. Soothe the irritation with cold packs or bathe in Epsom salts, boracic acid or baking soda. Do not use cream ointments.

Unless you are an expert, avoid mushrooms. They contain little nourishment and several kinds are deadly. Above all, don't pick a mushroom or fungus with a ridge around the upper part of the stem. Cooking does not remove the poison from poisonous fungi.

Go into the forests well equipped. Here is Tommy Tompkins' checklist of essential gear. He emphasizes that cheap equipment will let you down when you need it most and it weighs as much or even more than good equipment.

Waterproof metal containers of wax matches, carried in several locations in pack and pockets; a good axe, not a hatchet, at least one good knife and fishing gear, lengths of strong rope, a warm rainproof coat of good quality, sturdy boots and extra socks; billy can; sheet of plastic; first aid kit; sugar and salt; compass and map; stretch tent; lightweight down sleeping bag.

When you leave the forest please take all your refuse and litter home with you. Never leave it behind.

Do not go into the forests alone unless you are experienced. Be sure you give full details of your trip to responsible people such as local police, conservation officers, foresters, etc. Most important, report again to the same person when you come out of the forest so that people will not risk their lives unnecessarily searching for you.

Tommy Tompkins lives in the forest often for weeks at a time. To him it is a comfortable and natural way of life. He never allows himself to run short of water. When it rains he collects the run-off from sheets of plastic into his canteen. He is particularly careful with his campfires. He builds them away from overhanging boughs and surrounding foliage. Here are some other tips based on Tommy's years' of experience

(1) The experienced woodsman never allows himself to become over-tired by trying to hike too far in one day. He takes frequent rest breaks.

(2) If you are caught in snow or on water without sunglasses, take a strip of pliable bark and cut eye-slits in it. These makeshift eye-shades will cut the glare.

(3) Man can survive in the forest without his city foods if he has to. All herbs and grasses that grow under water are edible. So are many other forest plants. The cat-tail, also called bulrush, can be used as a cooked vegetable. The inner stalks can be boiled in salted water and the fleshy roots can be eaten after they have been scraped and cleaned. Even the pollen is edible.

(4) The skunk cabbage of marshy lands is best known for its unpleasant odour and many people are surprised to learn that the young spring leaves of this plant are edible and tasty if they are boiled in several changes of water. No trace of the odour remains.

(5) Animal tracks are one of the most fascinating studies an outdoorsman can undertake. An animal tells his life story with his tracks. This is a fresh cougar track.

(6) This deer track is also fresh. The impression in the mud is crisp and detailed. As these tracks grow older the mud will dry or murky water will seep into them.

(7) Leave all baby animals where you find them. Even if the mother is not visible she is certain to be nearby and will return to her young ones. It is against the law in most areas to bring young animals such as these cougar kittens out of the woods.

(8) Cougar attacks on man are rare. These cats, found in Western Canada, live mostly on deer and do most of their hunting at night. The hiker should be well bedded down by nightfall, leaving the rest of the forest to the cougars.

(9) When camp is made, Tommy removes his boots and changes socks. A hiker depends on his feet and they deserve the best of care.

(10) Wear the best boots you can afford, well made but not too heavy. Be sure they fit well, and break them in at home before setting out.

(11) Mark your keys, knife, compass and other small gear with brightly-coloured tape, the kind surveyors use. They will be easier to find if you drop them in the bush.

(12) To extinguish a campfire, pour water on it three times. That probably will put it out, but you're not certain, so pour water on it three more times. If steam still rises from the ashes, they are still too hot.

(13-14) Only a few animals are dangerous to man in the forest and these are likely to attack only when they feel their young are endangered. Stay away from bear cubs. Mother bears are vicious and unpredictable when defending them.

WHAT DO YOU DO IF YOU ARE LOST?

Tommy Tompkins advice for hikers who get lost is:

1 Stay where you are
2 Do not panic
3 Keep warm and dry.

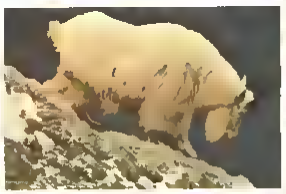
If you were properly equipped when you went into the forest, you would be able to build a fire. Use moss or green foliage on the fire to send up smoke signals. At regular intervals shout or blow a whistle. Rest and conserve your energy.

HOW CAN YOU TELL DIRECTIONS WITHOUT A COMPASS?

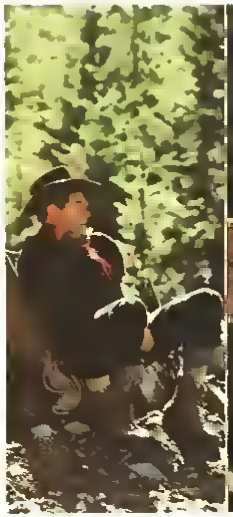
If you can see a star, take a fix on it with any stationary object, a tree, a fishing rod or a straight stick. From that starting point, watch the direction of the star's movement away from the stick or rod. If it rises, you are facing east. If it goes to the right you are facing south. If it goes down you are facing west, and if it goes to the left you are facing north.



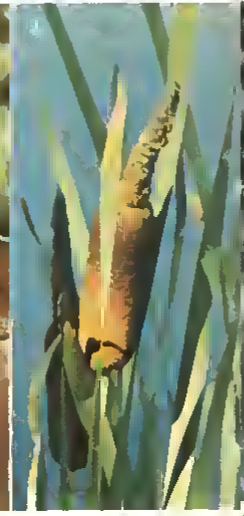
The red fox is an animal of the forest edge. It favours logged over areas and clearings in the forest.

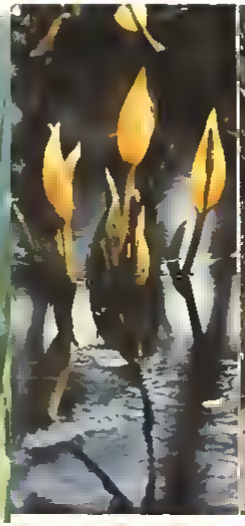


The beautiful mountain goat of British Columbia is actually an antelope. He prefers to stay in rocky terrain above the timberline.

































Tommy Tompkins denies that wolves are dangerous to man. He says he has never heard of an authenticated instance of wolves attacking humans. One of his films features a wolf he befriended and tamed.

The forests of Canada—where Tommy Tompkins and thousands like him enjoy the beauties of nature—also support one of the country's most important industries. The forests can continue to serve this multiple purpose forever. In forests managed by MacMillan Bloedel both recreational and economic values are always considered.

MB was founded in the early part of this century in British Columbia. Since then it has been part of the history of its home province and has grown to include operations across Canada, in the United States and in several other countries in Europe and Asia. MB is owned by Canadians with 90% of its shareholders in this country.

MB last year had a total tax bill of $90.9 million in Canada for taxes, stumpage and royalties.

That included:

$45 million to the B.C. Government*

$35.2 million to the federal government**

$8.1 million to municipalities in B.C.

$2.6 million to other provinces and municipalities in Canada.

MB's employees in British Columbia alone had $40.4 million deducted from their pay cheques for income tax.

These are part of the dividends the public receives from its forests a natural resource that is constantly renewed, never depleted, providing both economic and recreational benefits for all Canadians.

**Including deferred income and logging taxes applicable to the province*
***Including deferred taxes*

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ner of living was climaxed daily at 6 p.m. when Elwood — his chair surrounded by the accumulated droppings of his day's smoking — would pass out half covered by the funny papers which were his favorite reading. Bellboys would then carry him outside where a chauffeur would transfer him to his limousine for the two-block drive home."

Despite his bad bladder Elwood's was a safe excess. He was, after all, a true Montrealer. Years later, however, an out-of-town millionaire walked into the stiffly correct Palm Court (doubtless after a few drinks) and confronted the dowagers of Montreal society dressed in silver fox stoles.

"Pussycats!" shouted the out-of-town millionaire. "look at the pussycats!"

Lorgnettes, if not eyebrows, were raised but the interloper was ignored. "Pussycats!" he yelled again running from table to table snatching the fox stoles from outraged shoulders only to disappear upstairs. The manager was summoned and called the police immediately. The furs were returned at once. The millionaire left before the police arrived. Shortly afterward he returned to Montreal, sent 36 trunks ahead and entered the Ritz passing tips like the Aga Khan. He was told no rooms were, or ever would be, available to him.

At the time of the silver fox caper, at least one third of Ritz guests were permanent residents. Now, and the tolling of familiar statistics rings in the ears, only *three* remain. One is a certain Captain Gordon H. Murray, who checked in for one night 31 years ago and has not made check-out time since. The captain's habits have in them the protocol of a Mr. Thorn. At dinner he reads the papers and his letters. He sits in fastidiously tailored British suits with a military posture and is as permanent a fixture of the Café de Paris as the blue velvet directoire chairs.

Fred Laubi has left the couch in his apartment and is returning from the bar with more Campari (a dash of soda added this time) and talking about Captain Murray's studied example:

"I love that man, you know, and those like him; but the fact is they are all but an extinct breed. People can no longer afford to spend a lifetime in a hotel and hotels can no longer afford to have them."

George Minden might have said the same thing. The day of the permanent hotel resident is all but over, and the smaller, intimate hotels are having to face the grosser realities of the jumbo jet and expense account mentalities.

In Canada, predictably, the caravanseries are busting out all over. Home in such places is where you hang your hat. The Empress, the Windsor Arms, and the Ritz-Carlton are, for the moment, a little warmth in a cold landscape. ✪



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CORPORATION *from page 43*

So I approached the president He recognized me, since I'd interviewed him only three weeks before I said that I'd been intrigued by a reference he'd made to Margaret Atwood's *Survival* in his presentation and that I too had been struck by its relevance to the CBC though not quite in the same way

"You know," Picard said with an almost boyish enthusiasm, "I am very impressed by that book I found it very interesting Do you know Margaret Atwood?"

I said I did

"Well, you know, I would very much like to meet her and talk to her about that book Do you think you could arrange that? I'd be most grateful "

Pierre Juneau had begun to introduce the next brief, I said I'd try to arrange a meeting, and returned to my own seat

The passing reference to Atwood's book in Laurent Picard's presentation had not touched on her central thesis of survivors and victims but on her implied argument that Canadians have a strong desire to fail rather than succeed "Every president of the CBC," he had said, "has been labeled a failure Is CBC so close to Canadians that we have the feeling that it cannot and should not succeed?"

At least Picard had demonstrated forcefully that he did not regard his own presidency a failure During his bravura presentation he proudly flashed graphs and statistics that showed the CBC to be the leader among public broadcasting systems throughout the Western world in distributing the most programs over the widest network for the least cost CBC producers, he boasted turned out four times the amount of programming of, for instance, their opposite numbers with the BBC Had it occurred to him I wondered, that below him in the CBC pyramid the pressures inevitable in such cost-efficiency were taking their toll in substandard programs? What about the program staff battling obsolescent equipment and ill-organized services and finely pared budgets to produce all that is demanded and produce it well?

I was reminded of something that Peter Desbarats had said to me "When I was at the CBC I realized that most of the energy of the producers I worked for was directed inward toward the corporation rather than outward toward the audience They spent more time fighting for their programs with CBC executives than they did in trying to please the viewers And given the limited judgment and experience of those executives, the effect on programs was devastating"

Desbarats was speaking as someone who had been host of a CBC-TV news and public affairs program in Montreal and later co-host of the national public affairs show *Weekend* He is now with the Global television network As Laurent Picard pursued his defense of the corporation, stabbing with a pointer at his charts and diagrams I called to mind some of the other talents the CBC has lost by design or default Morley Safer, Charles Templeton Percy Saltzman, Don Harron Stanley Burke, Helen Hutchinson Norman Jewison Tom Gould Bill Cunningham, Gordie Tapp, Larry Mann, Beryl Fox, Mike Magee Warner Troyer William Shatner, Moses Znaimer The list goes on and on

Peter Reynolds, executive producer of current affairs programs in Edmonton, calls CBC current affairs "a minor disaster" He told me "When I listen to the CBC brass and look at what they do, I just get depressed When you see management backpedal and fumble over such programs as *Up Canada* the Mordecai Richler play, *The Bells Of Hell*, you begin to wonder if CBC is the place to be."

Perhaps it takes a peculiar sort of stubborn dedication to put up with the CBC Jeannine Locke, a producer of information programs put it this way "There's a missionary quality about program people You seem to be willing to put up with so much to get a program done that you just don't dare to ever think it's not worthwhile"

She gave me a wry smile "I remember when I was almost finished my second documentary and a script assistant came to me and asked me for the details of the credits that would be run at the end of the show And I said to her, 'There's only one credit — Produced and directed by Jeannine Locke despite the best efforts of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation' And I said that from the heart"

For cultural nationalists of recent origin, the CBC's history and present situation offer some sobering reflections The corporation was created after all, in an early attempt to establish our cultural sovereignty, to develop here some larger purpose for broadcasting than the merchandising of goods In the late 1920s batteries of powerful American radio stations, set up by entrepreneurs with an eye on the commercial potential of the new medium, were threatening to obliterate the few Canadian transmitters And Canadian entrepreneurs saw little wrong with that provided there was a buck in it for them Almost alone Graham Spry and his friend and colleague, the late Alan B Plaunt, sensed the dangers in this development They rallied behind them in their Canadian Radio League a national force of farmers and teachers, trade unionists and intellectuals women's groups and community organizations, progressives and journalists actors, musicians and writers and bulldozed the Conservative cabinet of R B Bennett into giving them a public broadcasting system

But it wasn't quite the system they wanted The gap between the completely public system the league had hoped for and the mixed system of public network and private local stations they got may have seemed narrow at the outset, before long it was to develop into the schizophrenia that is the CBC's most debilitating disease

And so yet again after some 40 years, Graham Spry had to go out to defend and plead for his creation A few weeks before the hearings, as he was nearing the end of several months' work on the

continued on page 54



"I don t know anything about art but t know what I like to eat



Every child should have a classroom like this.

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MM JUNE 1

league's written presentation, I went to see him

"The mess you see when you consider CBC's situation is not created by CBC, but by the conflict between public and private broadcasting, between public service and private interest. You cannot run a broadcasting system where there are so many conflicts of interest. Within the CBC, especially in television, the smaller affiliated stations to which CBC is obliged to deliver a profitable audience create an insuperable conflict, between the programming expected of CBC and the programming wanted by advertisers," Spry told me.

And the CBC itself has become increasingly dependent on the money of those same advertisers in attempting to fill the gap between its government funding and the cost of the multiplying services the government demands. Graham Spry was trenchant on that subject.

"The commercial stations, with so little asked of them, have the easy road. The CBC on the other hand, has to provide eventually for every uneconomic service demanded of it. It pays for the International Service. It pays for the Northern Service, and it will pay vast sums of money to extend French-language radio and television right across the country often for minimal audiences. I don't disagree with that service, or with any of the services, but their cost and effect on other CBC operations should not be blamed on the corporation. They should be blamed on the people, who demand these services through the federal government."

In retrospect, the practice of annual government financing appears to have assured the CBC's victimization. Every year, CBC executives are obliged to trudge up Parliament Hill, cap in hand, if they never get as much money as they need, they can be certain, as one former CBC executive, Gunnar Rugheimer, has put it, to be offered moral guidance.

"These annual requests for money also meant, by definition, a discussion in parliament, and with MPs from rural districts who objected to everything from a production of *Macbeth* to any show of the female form, a tradition was created which continues to hamper the CBC from doing its rightful job."

The first presidential victim of this tradition in the television era was J. Alphonse Ouimet. A long-term CBC man and a pioneer in television engineering, he seemed at first sight ideal for the job. Unfortunately he turned out to be the pioneer also of a still-pervasive belief that the CBC can best be managed according to wayward corporate theories of the Harvard School of Business.

Ouimet spent 14 years in the CBC hot seat and the effects of his belief, given the relentless imprecision of people (and of federal politics), were predictably disastrous. Managerial surveys were ordered and then ignored, lines of command were continually redrawn, vice-presidencies proliferated, the network chiefs were even withdrawn from their operational bases in Toronto and Montreal to languish in the presidential anterooms in Ottawa. Eventually while Alphonse Ouimet fiddled with his theories, the corporation began to seeth and burn under the ineptitudes of his disoriented deputies.

During this period the corporation was also showing itself to be less than sensitive to the loss of talent. Morley Safer, a well-known face on television as the CBC's London correspondent, was being wooed by the Columbia Broadcasting System in the U.S. Safer told me: "The offer from CBS was very flattering, but psychologically I was not prepared to leave CBC. I asked CBC management if they'd match the not impossible salary of $15,000 that CBS were offering.



You're showing good recovery. JB

"But management said there was no way they could give me that. They gave me the impression that they didn't consider what I was doing, what CBC News was doing, to be very important. So I went to CBS."

Today Safer is co-host of CBS's top news magazine, *60 Minutes*.

In 1966 the team producing the highly popular, controversial and innovative television program *This Hour Has Seven Days* misjudged by a countrywide mile the tolerance of CBC management. H. G. "Bud" Walker, the head of the English-language network, decided it was time to show his muscles. Overreaching the accepted chain of authority, Walker attempted to pluck out the beams most offensive to managerial eyes, the bright gang-busting hosts of the show, Patrick Watson and Laurier LaPierre.

Because the program had been so popular (or as some would have it, so notorious) the fracas was the most public the CBC had ever known. And the bloodiest. Both sides reeled back from it with heavy casualties. The program makers, however, because they were fighting in the open, lost more men. The heart of CBC television, the public affairs department, was never to beat as strongly again.

Alphonse Ouimet himself obviously thought he might survive in office. But less than two years later he was goaded out by the not unjustified remark of the Secretary of State, Judy LaMarsh, that his management was "rotten."

It was George Davidson who stepped into Ouimet's muck-caked shoes. The coincidence of his appointment with a federal cutback in spending allowed him to conduct his presidency with much the same parsimony he had shown earlier as Secretary of the Treasury Board.

Davidson was probably in government eyes, the best president the CBC ever had had: at once victim and dedicated victimizer. His instinctive response to a three-year federal freeze of the CBC's budget was to freeze all program budgets and reduce staff by banning the refilling of any personnel vacancies. Since senior executives tend to work with an eye on their retirement dates, very few executive posts were vacated during that period. Program staff on the other hand, many of them on short-term contract, were decimated, either being laid off or quitting to search for jobs where there was more money to make programs. In the end the ban on hiring had to be relaxed, but not before more of CBC's creative blood had drained away.

Whatever Canadians may have saved as taxpayers they undoubtedly lost as television viewers: the dismal waste of shows such as *Comedy Crackers, The Hart And Lorne Terrific Hour, Zut!, 55 North Maple, Countrytime, Irish Coffee* and *A Time For Livin'* stands as a memorial to Dr. Davidson's economies.

It remains to be seen what, if anything, Laurent Picard will do for the quality of CBC programs. Picard came to the corporation as number two to George Davidson in 1968, tempered by the Harvard School of Business and broad experience as a consultant to industry. For several months before the Pearson government had been openly conducting a national manhunt for candidates of suitable fortitude and pliancy for the presidential and vice-presidential posts. There had been no takers. So the pair who eventually had the CBC thrust upon them could hardly have felt themselves flattered. In 1972, when Davidson departed for the UN, his sacrifice finally rewarded, Picard became president.

Reportedly Picard agreed to remain for a limited period only, and because he wished to complete the organizational changes he had initiated rather than because he felt any great enthusiasm for the job or the corporation. The government, anxious to avoid another national manhunt, was much re-

continued on page 60

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There'll always be a New England

A land of clambakes, rustic inns and Walden Pond

BY PETER CELLIERS

One rather pithy New England village saying has it that "there's not much to see here, but what you hear, makes up for it." I used to wonder what that meant. I've always considered the U.S. northeast to be a feast for all senses — sight and taste in particular. Last time I crossed into Vermont, though — at Rouses Point — I learned one possible interpretation for the saying. It was a balmy spring day and we drove lazily along a back road awash in apple blossoms. I stopped and asked a man where one might find *real* cider, not the apple juice fare they dispense at roadside stands.

"Can't," he said, "'cept in my house." And he asked us to come on in. "Gotta git the little hard apples," he explained as we drank. "Wormy ones is best: adds body to the brew."

New Englanders, even when they're (hopefully) putting you on, can be a most amicable and convivial group.

The best way to see New England, we've found, if you enjoy good food and hearty hospitality amid comfortable surroundings, is to base yourself at an historic old inn. The people who run the inns are naturally friendly and once your innkeeper has decided that you appreciate his distinguished hospitality you'll often get inspired suggestions for back road touring, or introductions that will open the doors to pre-revolutionary cottages or sunrises at sea on a lobster boat. You might even be on the receiving end of a highly treasured recipe from an elderly lady with floury hands.

The quickest and in the long run the best way to get into the soul of New England is along the 2,000-mile Heritage Trail which runs through Maine, Vermont, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Connecticut and Rhode Island, linking more than 1,000 of New England's major tourist attractions. Vermont is a traveler's dream. Except for the shiny-new places the ski slopes have encouraged, summer resorts here still reflect the early state law requiring innkeepers to be ready to serve hot food and drink and to provide a bed for travelers 24 hours a day — even if that meant the family slept in the barn. But in those days inns may have been few since an early circuit riding pastor frequently notes in his journal "nothing to drink but brook water."

The opposite is true today at The Lodge at Smuggler's Notch in Stowe, one of many good places to stop for gourmet dining. You could try their beef Wellington (a filet mignon covered with pâte de foie gras and wrapped in flaky pastry), their crêpes suzettes or their lavish dessert cart loaded with everything from flaky Napoleons to a fluffy chocolate mousse,

not to mention fresh fruits and cheeses Their Swedish apple tart deserves special mention Full and content, you can either drive south from Stowe through the Mad River gorge or take the easier route via Highway 7 to Lake Champlain resort areas, some of which are near Larrabees Point from where Ethan Allen and his Green Mountain boys rowed across the lake at night to seize Fort Ticonderoga at dawn Today you can make the trip by ferry

Manchester, in the southern part of the state, is famous for its resorts and L'Auberge restaurant, and is within driving distance of the covered bridges at Bennington or the tasty samples offered by the Maple Museum If you're out to avoid high pressure city life, then you've come to the right place There's a remarkable old store at Danby whose spicy grocery smells recreate the earlier companionable gatherings around the back stove Fast turnover isn't a concern here The locals say, somewhat tongue-in-cheek, that when something sells quickly enough to disturb checkers' games or even companionable silences, the storekeeper decides, "We won't carry that no more it sells too fast "

You might run across a church supper which we've usually enjoyed at harvest time, although some are held in the spring You can enquire locally, for their huge helpings of chicken or ham, fresh vegetables, freshly baked cakes and pies are well worth a short detour

Massachusetts' Berkshire Hills abound with charming wild flower-lined roads which can lead you to the homes of Oliver Wendell Holmes and Herman Melville, or the Hancock Shaker Village's music and dance festivals Coastal Connecticut is rich in the early history of the area and Old Mystic, a reconstructed whaling harbor, is an interesting stop Here square- and schooner-rigged whalers and clipper ships are moored at a cobblestoned 1800s quay facing authentic shipping offices and outfitting shops of the days of sail You might like to detour a few miles into Rhode Island to gape at the opulent Gay Nineties vacation mansions of the "Newport 400," especially the Vanderbilts' 70-room summer cottage, the Breakers

We're always happy to visit Boston, a city as rich in present-day amusements as historical delights It's a great city to eat in – anything from haddock chowder to a New England boiled dinner, anywhere from the luxury of Locke-Ober to the family style Durgin Park The last time we were there we were lucky enough to extract Joseph's recipe for their famous Indian Pudding

Boston bristles with the relics of its romantic history, from the Common where stocks, whipping posts and gallows once stood to the Old South meetinghouse where the Revolution was nurtured You can drive along the route of Paul Revere's ride through Medford to Lexington Green where a few men with squirrel guns challenged the might of an empire As a newly arrived Italian waiter once said to us in a heavy Neapolitan accent, "There's a bit of Paul Revere in everyone."

Heading north from Boston you'll pass through whaling and cod-fishing harbors and into the huge tides and icy seas around Eastport and Lubec, Maine, which is lobster country It's a crime in New England to do anything to fresh lobster other than just steam them and you'll find lots of good lobster "boils" in the area So let out your belt and prepare for some exquisite eating

As you move north the island-speckled seascapes grow more beautiful and the forests of coastal evergreens more dense Winslow Homer painted in Prout's Neck and if you know his painting the scene will look familiar Wiscasset Harbor, with its grounded schooners, is perhaps the single most sketched spot on the Maine coast and Daniel Webster ran the newspaper in the town of Wiscasset If you get to Mount Desert Island and Acadian National Park, be sure to go for a nature walk with the rangers through the great ragged cliffs, caves and inlets It's fantastic

There's not a shore resort in New England that doesn't have a weekly clambake in summer, one of the quite special ones is run every Friday at the Marshall House in York, Maine You can usually get clam or fish chowder, but steaming clam juice is really the thing (try some in your bloody mary) Steamed clams lobsters baked on hot rocks under a thick layer of seaweed and fresh corn roasted in foil in charcoal embers make an exceptional clambake that should be eaten mostly with one's fingers sitting on big rocks looking out to sea Fresh raspberry pie and steaming mugs of coffee top it off And if as you surely will, you mention to the innkeeper that this morning was a bit brisk for August he'll undoubtedly reply, "Well, summer was here last Wednesday "

The trail west leads into the picturesque mountains of New Hampshire where well over 70 chairlifts and mountain tramways operate as sightseeing attractions in summer You can drive to the top of Mount Washington or take the cog railway up for a charming conducted wild flower walk New Hampshire's scenic mountain roads are famous for their glacier carved mountain notches which are narrow gorges with weird rock formations The best known of these Franconia Notch, is famed for the cliffside stone face known as the Old Man of the Mountain In August it's ablaze with rhododendron One of the nicest resorts in the area is the Homestead Inn at Sugar Hill, a rural crossroads near Franconia Notch It dates back to the 1700s and some of the present furniture belonged to the original owners We've stayed there many times, and we've always enjoyed it immensely

Somewhere along this 2,000-mile circuit, you'll find *your* special old inn, just as we have It will probably have a picket fence and a giant leafy tree or two with a garden that stretches in back down a hillside with a view out to sea It may be darkening as you arrive and the flicker of firelight will promise warmth in the low beamed lobby scattered with commodious Windsor chairs As you share a brandy with your host at the honor bar you'll learn of antiques and auctions, of back roads and riverside rambles And you'll learn about the people and history of New England, the land of Walden Pond and the Gloucester whalers, of Sandwich glass and outpost stockades – the simple yet refined land that made a nation

Where to stay

A selection of other New England inns you'll enjoy includes
CONNECTICUT The Griswold Inn at Essex where prices range from $10 (single) to $18 (double) and the Old Riverton Inn at Riverton ($7 50 per person including breakfast) operate mainly as restaurants but have a few rooms for guests
MASSACHUSETTS The Colonial Inn at Concord built in 1718 offers 40 air-conditioned rooms ranging from $12 50-$19 single and $15 50-$24 double Deerfield Inn is part of the old Deerfield Village restoration and single room without bath costs $8 with $12 Double room without bath is $12 With bath $22-$24 The Whale Inn at Goshen was recently renovated though the furnishings are original Single rooms are $8 a night doubles $12 Jared Coffin House on Nantucket Island is a restored shipowner's home, with meals served on the original Coffin china by waiters and waitresses in early Victorian uniforms Single rooms run $8 $10 during winter doubles are $24 Early May to October the same room can cost $18-$40 The Publick House at Sturbridge established in 1771 offers no single rooms in summer you can get a single for $16 in the off season A double costs $22-$26
NEW HAMPSHIRE The Wolfeboro Inn at Wolfeboro on Lake Winnipesaukee was built in 1812 Prices range from approximately $13 (single) to $19 (double) Fitzwilliam Inn at Fitzwilliam may be an 18th-century inn but it's got a pool and sauna for 20th-century guests ($12-$18 a night)
VERMONT Newfane Inn at Newfane well known since 1787 charges $14 $18 The Equinox House at Manchester dates back to 1853 Its prices may seem steep but $35 for a single and $52 for a double includes breakfast and supper Kadron Valley Inn at Woodstock caters to horseback riders for $6 25 (single without bath) to $25 (double with) Dorset Inn in Dorset goes back to 1796 You can stay here for as little as $18 a day or a weekly rate of $203 for two including meals

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lieved. It was Quebec's turn to supply the victim anyway.

After a significant pause, the vice-presidency was filled by Lister Sinclair. There were wild huzzas outside the corporation from almost all of the TV columnists. But within the CBC the silence from most quarters and particularly at the program level, was eloquent. The image that Sinclair had assembled over several decades as playwright, broadcaster, producer, pop scientist and fast talker was a public image. As one close former colleague of Sinclair's said reluctantly to me at the time: "Lister has always been a Lister man, and I don't knock him for that. But why should I imagine he'll suddenly become a CBC man? We don't need a rival up there or a colleague. As we've always done, we need a leader and a defender."

Until last February's CRTC hearings the ostensible leader, Laurent Picard, remained the unknown quantity. To those scavengers of CBC scuttlebutt, the TV columnists, Picard generally seemed an impervious and uninteresting technocrat, however pleasant he was personally. But a few who have persisted and gained his confidence have been startled by his candor, by the almost ruthless edge that occasionally shows through. One writer was shaken by being offered, off the record, a checklist of many senior executives whom Picard would like to drop. "If only," he had added, "I could find replacements for them." To another columnist, Jack Miller of the Toronto *Star*, shortly before the hearings, Picard openly admitted that he would like to get out of the CBC himself in another year — but that before he went, whenever it was, he wanted to restore the English-language television network to something like the health of French-language television and the radio networks (a disarming honesty calculated, I suspect, to be glimpsed just before a public hearing in which the English television network would come under the heaviest fire).

Immediately before the hearings that unsuspected edge was flashed publicly also. Eugene Hallman, the veteran and vulnerable head of the English networks, a prime target of public criticism, was offered the job of managing the 1976 Olympic Games coverage, in effect a demotion. He chose to retire (effective at the end of 1974), to the reported satisfaction of Lister Sinclair. And toward the end of the CRTC hearings, with Sinclair himself at his elbow, Picard was asked why he had not brought more program staff into management. "It's a funny thing that I've noticed since I came to CBC," he said brusquely. "These men are brilliant when they are producers. They become stupid when they come into management — within half a day."

Apart from Laurent Picard's unexpected performance, which was virtually solo because he had instructed all but his most senior managers to stay away, there was one other moment of significance at the hearings. On the third day, a delegation from the Toronto-based Association of Television Producers and Directors came forward to present their brief. For anyone who has worked in the CBC, as I had, there was something very moving about the group. They were all good producers, some distinguished; almost all of them were survivors of several uninspiring, submissive presidencies, a few I knew to have been victims of specific acts of managerial incompetence.

And yet, despite a rumor that some of their more headstrong colleagues had wanted them to blast away at management, venting the simmering frustration that is endemic at the program level, their brief was quiet and reasonable. Harry Boyle, vice-chairman of the CRTC, and a survivor of the CBC himself, leaned forward to his microphone and asked gently: "I'd like you each to tell us, why do you go on working for CBC?"

Norman Campbell explained it this way: "Although I often go down to work in the States, I love working with Canadians and I use them whenever I can. CBC is a grand ideal that we all have to run alongside to keep it going. CBC is marvelous, a holy grail, a fantastic unique organization. I love Canada and I think it would be very deprived without the CBC."

The convention room was quiet as the producers left the table and dispersed.

Most of the CBC producers I know and have talked to, not only in Toronto but in Vancouver and Edmonton and Montreal and Halifax, would have responded to Harry Boyle's question in much the same way.

Laurent Picard is the latest heir to an unbroken tradition of victimization created by a succession of CBC presidents who always have accepted the role of victim for themselves and for the corporation. It has always been thought more expedient to pass victimization down the line to the studio floor than to outface the government. It remains to be seen if Picard will carry on that tradition or turn and fight for the CBC or abandon it altogether.

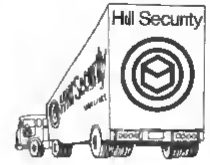
In some eyes he has emerged from the CRTC hearings with a new, almost heroic image. But images run more to gloss than reality. The true realities that shape the programs you and I see on our screens, for better or for worse, are the realities facing those creative people in the production line, "running alongside" the CBC, "trying to keep it going." ◇

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Macdonald or a McDonald) and of having been born in Cape Breton Island

"Where does Harry Bruce hail from?" a viewer demanded one night "He has such a flat accent." With deadly accuracy, the CBC switchboard replied, "As far as I know he's from Toronto." And thereby lost the show yet another viewer

I was born and raised in Toronto, and spent all of my adult life working for newspapers and magazines in Upper Canada Now, I had chosen to settle in Nova Scotia, and I had found it convenient to answer direct questions about my birthplace by saying, "Well, I'm from Toronto, yes, but *my father* was from down here." This often thawed my interrogators "Hummph ' they'd say, "well, that's *something* in your favor "

The trouble was, I couldn't very well tell *Gazette* viewers five nights a week that although I was from hated Hog Town my father was from these very seagirt shores, and the daily audience phone report continued to betray a distressing concern for my origins "What is the name of the new host on *Gazette*?" Answer: Harry Bruce "Well send him back to the rock he crawled out from " The switchboard, which has a heart, listed that little discussion as an Inquiry rather than as a Bad Comment but it had little choice in most cases: "This program has turned into something terrible That Bruce is not capable, and did not need to be imported Who is that shaggy-haired man on *Gazette* now doing an interview? He looks like something that came out of Toronto "

After a while the nice girls in the *Gazette* office began to hide the phone reports They could no longer stand to see my cheery face crumple as I looked the reports over each morning You try to be reasonable You tell yourself that after all, the callers are just a handful of mean-mouthed screwballs who deserve nothing so much as a good burning at the stake but, in the end, they do get to those of us who are made of finer clay. I mean, how would you feel, if a stranger, someone you had never met, much less tried to harm, were to describe you in the following terms?

"That little old hairy lady sitting between Rube and Don needs to go to the barber and try to get himself looking like a man That new host that you have is slovenly, sloppy and slouching, not fit to be on the program Tell Harry Bruce to stick to writing and leave broadcasting to the broadcasters Now that Don is back, why have we got that Bruce still on? We are sick of him spoiling the program and [unkindest cut of all] he cannot even use the Queen's English correctly I am going to write a letter to have him removed I will be taking up a petition "

These direct assaults were damaging enough to the delicate flower of my TV confidence, but the comparisons with what had gone before were even worse When I joined the show Marilyn MacDonald was with child and would not be back Don Tremaine and Rube Hornstein were on temporary leave *Gazette*, the beloved suppertime soporific of the entire bingo crowd of Nova Scotia, just did not seem to be *there* anymore "What are you *doing*?" viewers wanted to know "Where's the old gang? The old faces are the best faces Bring back Marilyn What have you done with Rube? When's Don coming back? Next week, you say? Well, thank God for that!"

Still, they could not oust me With incredible canniness I had manoeuvred myself into a contract to stammer in my hairy fashion before tens of thousands of Maritimers five nights a week for a whole year, including Christmas Day, and all other holidays except January 1 (On New Year's Day, the Rose Bowl Game out of Pasadena preempts *Gazette*, and how's that for starting off the year with Canadian content?) But how



had I landed this job? You may well ask

I had been living in Nova Scotia for a year-and-a-half and, throughout the summer, I'd led the precarious life of a free-lance writer Late in August I heard that *Gazette* had fallen upon evil days, that it was trying to rescue itself from its desperate lethargy with a new producer, a new look and a new host (who might be able to bag a cool $350 a week from the CBC)

The evil days, it turned out, were the result of backroom bushwhacking, jurisdictional skirmishes and traditions of flashing knives, poison-pen memos and kickings upstairs that were more complicated than the history of Yugoslavia I'd have to be Franz Kafka even to begin to reveal accurately, to anyone who has never worked at CBC Halifax, the administrative atmosphere of the place My natural optimism had led me to assume these troubles were transitory; in truth, they were a part of the very soil of CBC Halifax The troubles will continue Their future is as certain as the return of the mayflowers to the forests of Nova Scotia or worms in codfish

Anyway, along with what I later learned were something like 40 other would-be TV superstars, I auditioned for the job. The others, I think, must mostly have been bored housewives, first-year media students and youngsters who'd just learned that OFY had turned them down and they'd have to wait a while before getting their LIP grants For the audition, I chose to interview Jack Brayley, head of Canadian Press for the Atlantic region, and that was the canny part Jack is a fine, frank, garrulous gentleman who looks as comfortable before a television camera as he does sitting beside a roaring fireplace at his retreat near the Wentworth Valley We get along well and he won me the job simply by being Jack Brayley to my Harry Bruce

The Brayley interview proved that, as one CBC executive put it "Bruce is the man for *Gazette* He's not too ugly, he's not too handsome He's not too stupid, he's not too smart Bruce is the sort of fellow you'd like to drink a couple of beers with out back when you should be mowing your grass " (Actually, he was partly right. I am as good as anyone in the country at drinking beer when I should be mowing the grass)

Jack proved something else, though I did not know it at the time He proved that the quality of the interview had virtually nothing to do with the quality of the interviewer Everything depended on the guest If he or she were good I scarcely needed to be there and, indeed there were respects in which I was not The moment a guest began to roll along, gesticulating and shouting and *caring*, the camera would cut me out entirely Any bright high-school sophomore might have done as well as I did with Farley Mowat, Pierre Berton, Dinah Christie, Tom Kneebone, Réal Caouette, Rene Lévesque Barbara Frum, three bright and beautiful young strippers from a joint called Cousin Brucie's, Darren McGavin (the Hollywood actor and film maker), and Jean Vanier (the saintly son of our late Governor General)

Show business people could seldom resist turning themselves on for the camera, if not for me, and I no longer bitch at the endless stream of actors, comedians, singers and full-time experts in idle chitchat who pass through the big U S talk shows I know why they're there

I did not do so well with Halifax's only real live North Vietnamese, or with a man who bribed his employees to quit smoking, or with the world's foremost woman authority on the personality of man-eating sharks, or with a British lady who'd shaken Jomo Kenyatta's own right hand, or with a cigar-smoking chuck from California who'd made a film about an art school for feminists, or with the leader of the Linguistic Orchestra and Prose Quintet (never mind I'm still not sure what they are myself)

Nor was I triumphant with people who had just returned from horrors in Munich, jails in South Africa, injustice in Uganda, agony in Pakistan, political crises in West Germany, factories in Red China, bad food in Moscow, ecological surveys of Baffin Island, traffic jams in Ottawa, fuming public protests in Ship Harbor, and cultural indignities along the Digby shore

I rapped feebly with experts on dental care, day care, care of the aged, care of retarded children, and the wintertime care of your summertime camper trailer; with lifeguards, pacifists, biologists, nutritionists, ecologists, religious cranks, lumber workers, test pilots, Chinese cooks, cabinet ministers, labor leaders, cops, soldiers, sailors, airmen, doctors, do gooders, evildoers, stuffed shirts and, forever, with politicians

I talked, too, with experts on the oil industry, experts on the rights of the unborn, experts on the rights of those who wished to abort the unborn, experts on hate literature and obscene phone calls, a lady expert on how to be a gourmet and a nationalist at the same time, an Australian expert on how to apply behavioral psychology to the coaching of team sports, an expert on why making pots out of clay is lots of fun for everyone, and an expert on what to do when you find maimed people on the highway. Everyone was always an expert on something. Except me.

The night I interviewed Pierre Berton he told me, off-camera, that he too had had a terrible time when he started out in television but that I should not worry because one improves, not gradually, but in strange jumps or mutations It was one of the kindest things I have ever known him to say What Pierre did not know, however, was that one could also *deteriorate* in mutations so that one day, say at the PEI potato booth, one might realize quite suddenly that his eighty-fifth interview was even more disastrous than his third had been.

In my fifth month the producer of *Gazette* — he's left the show too now, perhaps in permanent disgrace for having hired me — invited me into his office, closed the door, and confided that he could not say he was entirely pleased with my "development as a television personality " Go on, I said. Really? Gosh, that sounds like a vote of no confidence to me. I guess I'd better exercise the 30-day escape clause in our contract, hadn't I?

There's a new show in *Gazette's* time slot now It's called *Here Today*, but I am in no position to make mean jokes about its being gone tomorrow. After all, until I came along, *Gazette* had survived half the length of my life

Farewell CBC *Gazette* You were like military service I'm glad I endured my time with you, but I wouldn't want to do it again



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rather clumsy organizational adolescent that came out of the rapid growth of the 1950s and early Sixties.

Now is the time to look to the improvement of program quality. I don't mean simply a ritual exercise in putting out nice smooth productions. I mean the imaginative development of new program concepts and new ideas for scheduling.

We are considering the introduction of the "theme" approach, devoting a whole evening to different aspects of a single subject. We also want to provide better opportunities both at home and on the networks for all our regional people who quite rightly say that they have attained maturity too. We want to change our use of commercials in some of our scheduling practices so that, in addition to the large number of programs already commercial-free on our stations, we can avoid commercial intrusion on programs of special public interest or artistic importance. But there is a danger in trying to do too much too quickly. The latest CRTC ruling telling us to slash commercials by 50% and double the percentage of Canadian programming during peak viewing time asks us to perform a miracle.

We also have to find resources for the production and distribution facilities that quality programming depends on.

And that brings me to our second main objective — realistic and adequate financing. I was glad to see recognition at the CRTC hearings in February that CBC produces and distributes more hours of programming for less money than any major broadcasting system in the world. I don't think this is widely understood. Most Canadians forget that we actually have five networks to operate, plus an international service, plus northern and armed forces services, plus satellite transmissions. They forget that because Canada is the third biggest country in the world, bigger than the United States and 40 times larger than Britain, our distribution costs must command a large element in our financing. They forget that the CBC has a very specific set of functions laid down for it in the Broadcasting Act. The act doesn't say to the CBC, put some programs on the air. It says cover the country, do it in English and French, make sure that everybody's interests are met and everybody's opinions heard, develop regional services and cultural exchanges, provide an opportunity for Canadians to find and express their national and artistic identity, and while you're at it see if you can do something about strengthening Canadian unity.

I don't quarrel with these goals — most of them were developed in the CBC itself long before they were written into the Broadcasting Act. But they do require cold hard cash, and the fact is that the CBC is seriously underfinanced for the job it is asked to do.

There are several ways the situation could be improved. The most obvious is to increase the CBC's budget. We haven't been very successful at getting increases in the past, yet we've been asked to increase coverage, increase Canadian content and increase regional production. By scrimping and scraping and rearranging we've provided these things, but obviously even careful management can take you only so far.

We also need to be allowed to keep part of any surplus that we have at the end of the year instead of returning it. We've wanted this measure for some time, and although we had it briefly at one point it was only on an informal basis. Cabinet has now agreed to recommend the measure to parliament. The surpluses will not be big ones but they will help to make our financing more flexible.

We would also like to get our funds in grants rather than interest-bearing loans. The loan system has been an extremely heavy burden on the CBC for a long time. It was expensive in absolute terms and it also distorted the picture of our operational budget very seriously. A grant system should be much more workable and realistic and I'm glad to say that in this case too the cabinet is prepared to recommend it.

And finally, we hope to have parliament agree on a rate and pattern of financial growth for the CBC. We are behind the private broadcasters and even other major public broadcasters in the annual growth rate of our budget. Realistically we can't expect a long-term financial commitment in absolute terms, but we have developed a financing model for the next five years and I hope we can get agreement on basic priorities and problems and the growth pattern that will be needed to meet them.

I believe that the people who make up the CBC — more than 9 000 of them — have reached the point where they can look back on some very solid accomplishments. And I believe that if we can meet our goals for the future, the CBC will really come of age.





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your material And to suddenly often be the centre of attention was it threatened the writer in me The performer threatened the writer

MALKA: When you were a little girl, did you think that you would be a singer one day or a songwriter? How did it all start?

JONI: I always had star eyes, I think, always interested in glamour I had one very creative friend whom I played with a lot and we used to put on circuses together, and he also played brilliant piano for his age when he was a young boy I used to dance around the room and say that I was going to be a great ballerina and he was going to be a great composer or that he was going to be a great writer and I was going to illustrate his books My first experience with music was at this boy's house, because he played the piano and they had old instruments like auto harps lying around It was playing his piano that made me want to have one of my own to mess with, but then as soon as I expressed interest, they gave me lessons and that killed it completely

My childhood longing mostly was to be a painter, yet before I went to art college my mother said to me that my stick-to-itiveness in certain things was never that great and she said you're going to get to art college and you're going to get distracted you know Yet all I wanted to do was paint When I got there however, it seemed that a lot of the courses were meaningless to me and not particularly creative And so at the end of the year I said to my mother I'm going to Toronto to become a folk singer And I fulfilled her prophesy I went out and I struggled for a while

MALKA: Did you ever think you'd make it so big?

JONI: No, I didn't, I always kept my goals very short, like I would like to play in a coffeehouse so I did I would like to play in the United States you know the States the magic of crossing the border So I did I would like to make a certain amount of money a year, which I thought would give me the freedom to buy the clothes that I wanted and the antiques and just some women trips, a nice apartment in New York that I wouldn't have to be working continually to support But I had no idea that I would be this successful especially since I came to folk music when it was already dying

MALKA: Many of your songs are biographical — do you think that the change in your lifestyle now has affected your songs?

JONI: I don't know I had difficulty at one point accepting my affluence and my success and even the expression of it seemed to me distasteful at one time, like to suddenly be driving a fancy car I had a lot of soul-searching to do as I felt somehow or other that living in elegance and luxury canceled creativity I still had that stereotyped idea that success would deter creativity would stop the gift luxury would make you too comfortable and complacent and that the gift would suffer from it But I found the only way that I could reconcile with myself and my art was to say this is what I'm going through now, my life is changing and I am too I'm an extremist as far as lifestyle goes I need to live simply and primitively sometimes, at least for short periods of the year, in order to keep in touch with something more basic But I have come to be able to finally enjoy my success and to use it as a form of self-expression and not to deny Leonard Cohen has a line that says "do not dress in those rags for me, I know you are not poor" and when I heard that line I thought to myself that I had been denying which was sort of a hypocritical thing I began to feel too separate from my audience and from my times, separated by affluence and convenience from the pulse of my times I wanted to



I wanted to talk about confusion

hitchhike and scuffle I felt maybe that I hadn't done enough scuffling

MALKA: But success does have some rewards The Beatles for instance, before they disbanded translated it into a movement for peace How do you think it affected you this success?

JONI: In a personal way it gives me the time to be able to pick and choose my project to follow the path of the heart which is really a luxury So that I can be true to myself I know a lot of artists who don't have that freedom friends of mine who are still struggling to buy themselves that independence

Then there comes the question of do you take it all for yourself or what do you put back into the world? I haven't really found what I am to do People are always coming up with great causes for me to get involved in and they have wonderful arguments and reasons why I should be The ones I select are the ones that I am genuinely interested in because I feel that they will show some sort of immediate return Maybe this is impatience, like in the Greenpeace we raised some money to buy the ship which went to Amchitka with the hopes that they were going to sit in the territorial waters in this area where they're exploding bombs ridiculously close to the San Andreas fault That inflamed me That was a project I wanted to be a part of In Montreal I played at a benefit for Cree Indians who were being displaced by a very stupidly run dam project

I know that money can be put to positive use, even if it's just to support people struggling in the arts I believe in art I believe that it's very important that people be encouraged in their self-expression and that their self-expression Ping-Pongs someone else's self-expression That's what I believe in the most If I'm going to distribute some of my windfall it would be among other artists

MALKA: Do you consider yourself a Canadian Joni?

JONI: I definitely am Canadian I'm proud of that and when it came to settling the place where I decided I wanted to spend my old years, I bought some property north of Vancouver

MALKA: You were once quoted as saying that your poetry is urbanized and Americanized and your music is of the Prairies

JONI: I think that there is a lot of Prairie in my music and in Neil Young's music as well I think both of us have a striding quality to our music which is like long steps across flat land I think so although I'm getting a little New Yorkish now with this jazz influence that's coming in It's got to be urbanized I talk about American cities about Paris about Greece, I talk about the places where I am

MALKA: On your new album, *Court And Spark*, for the first time you've recorded a song that isn't yours, *Twisted*. Why did you decide to record something that is not your own?

JONI: Because I love that song I always have loved it I went through analysis for a while this year and the song is about analysis I figured that I earned the right to sing it I tried to put it on the last record but it was totally inappropriate It had nothing to do with that time period and some of my friends feel it has nothing to do with this album either It's added like an encore

MALKA: I hope I'm not encroaching on your privacy, but why the analysis now?

JONI: I felt I wanted to talk to someone about confusion which we all have I wanted to talk to someone and I was willing to pay for his discretion I didn't expect him to have any answers or that he was a guru or anything, only a sounding board for a lot of things And it proved effective because simply by confronting paradoxes or difficulties within your life several times a week, they seem to be not so important as they do when they're weighing on your mind in the middle of the night, by yourself, with no one to talk to or someone to talk to who probably will tell another friend who

continued on page 70

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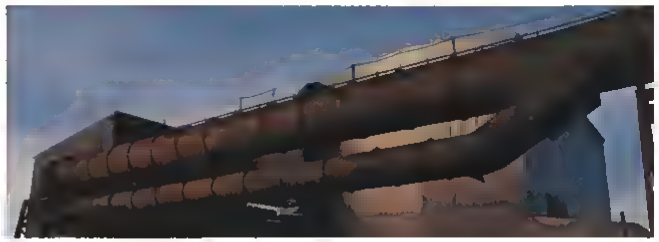
Part of the largest expansion venture in the history of Canadian steelmaking

A major steelmaking expansion in the West

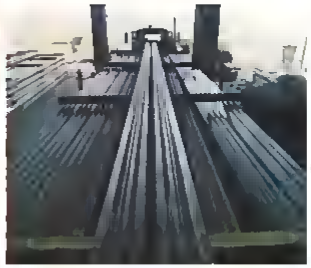


Left—Flame-cutting steel billets. An advanced 3-strand continuous billet caster replaces an earlier version pioneered at the Edmonton plant

Below—An integral part of this modern steel plant is a huge vacuum cleaner that cleans furnace emissions. One of many ways that air and water quality is protected







Left—More steel will be shipped. The plant's rolling capacity will be significantly increased and the range of products extended

This September a completely new steelmaking complex will be officially brought "on stream" in Edmonton. The plant is capable of producing 400,000 tons of hot metal per year—*triple* Stelco's previous steelmaking capacity in the West.

The expansion involves two 75-ton electric-arc furnaces, a new continuous billet casting unit, and other major additions to existing equipment. The plant's rolling capacity will be increased considerably and its range of products extended, bringing immediate benefits to customers.

The Edmonton operation was one of the first to pioneer the continuous casting of billets. The new facility continues this tradition with certain advanced technology which is unique to North America. The furnaces will eventually use a raw material called "sponge iron." It is made by a direct-reduction-from-ore process originated by Stelco.

This new operation is designed to be one of the cleanest steelmaking plants on this continent. All air and water quality standards will be met. It is anticipated that in some important areas they will be exceeded.

Including the personnel to operate the new facilities, Stelco now employs 1,000 people in Vancouver, Calgary, Edmonton, Camrose, Regina and Winnipeg. These plants and offices represent a highly important part of the Company's operation. The current expansion is a major step in Stelco's continuing development in Western Canada.

The Company's total expansion program is unprecedented in Canadian industrial history, and involves construction of new facilities at Contrecoeur, P.Q., Northern Ontario, Hamilton, Burlington, Welland and on the north shore of Lake Erie. The goal: doubling of the Company's steel producing capacity to 12 million tons by the 1980's.

stelco

The Steel Company of Canada, Limited

A Canadian-owned company with plants and offices across Canada and representatives in principal world markets

will tell another friend as friends do I felt that I didn't want to burden people close to me so I paid for professional help And I went through a lot of changes about it, too It's like driving out your devils — do you drive out your angels as well? You know that whole thing about the creative process An artist needs a certain amount of turmoil and confusion, and I've created out of that It's been like part of the creative force — even out of severe depression sometimes there comes insight It's sort of masochistic to dwell on it but you know it helps you to gain understanding I think it did me a lot of good

MALKA: When I listen to your songs I notice that there are certain themes that keep appearing, one theme that comes up often is loneliness

JONI: I suppose people have always been lonely but this, I think, is an especially lonely time to live in So many people are valueless or confused I know a lot of guilty people who are living a very open kind of free life who don't really believe that what they're doing is right, and their defense to that is to totally advocate what they're doing as if it were right, but somewhere deep in them they're confused Things change so rapidly Relationships don't seem to have any longevity Occasionally you see people who have been together for six or seven maybe 12 years, but for the most part people drift in and out of relationships continually There isn't a lot of commitment to anything it's a disposable society

But there are other kinds of loneliness which are very beautiful like sometimes I go up to my land in British Columbia and spend time alone in the country surrounded by the beauty of natural things There's a romance which accompanies it so you generally don't feel self-pity In the city when you're surrounded by people who are continually interacting, the loneliness makes you feel like you've sinned All around you you see lovers or families and you're alone and you think why? What did I do to deserve this? That's why I think the cities are much lonelier than the country

MALKA: Another theme I think is predominant in your songs is love

JONI: Love such a powerful force My main interest in life is human relationships and human interaction and the exchange of feelings, person to person on a one-to-one basis or on a larger basis projecting to an audience Love is a peculiar feeling because it's subject to so much change The way that love feels at the beginning of a relationship and the changes that it goes through and I keep asking myself, "What is it?" It always seems like a commitment to me when you said it to someone "I love you" or if they said that to you It meant that you were there for them, and that you could trust them But knowing from myself that I have said that and then reneged on it in the supportive — in the physical — sense that I was no longer there side by side with that person so I say well, does that cancel that feeling out? Did I really love? Or what is it? I really believe that the maintenance of individuality is so necessary to what we would call a true or lasting love that people who say "I love you" and then do a Pygmalion number on you are wrong, you know Love has to encompass all of the things that a person is Love is a very hard feeling to keep alive It's a very fragile plant

MALKA: I sometimes find myself envying people that seem to be able to handle love, people who have found a formula for marriage You were married at one point yourself, how do you feel about marriage now?

JONI: I've only had one experience with it, in the legal sense of the word But there's a kind of marriage that occurs which is almost more natural through a



Few people who can handle love

bonding together, sometimes the piece of paper kills something I've talked to so many people who said, "Our relationship was beautiful until we got married" If I ever married again I would like to create a ceremony and a ritual that had more meaning than I feel our present-day ceremonies have just a declaration to a group of friends If two people are in love and they declare to a room of people that they are in love somehow or other that's almost like a marriage vow It tells everybody in the room "I am no longer flirting with you I'm no longer available because I've declared my heart to this person"

MALKA: Do you think you'll get married again?

JONI: I really don't know I wouldn't see a reason for marriage except to have children and I'm not sure that I will have children you know I'd like to and I have really strong maternal feelings, but at the same time I have developed at this point into a very transient person and not your average responsible human being I keep examining my reasons for wanting to have a child, and some of them are really not very sound And then I keep thinking of bringing a child into this day and age, and what values to instill in them that aren't too high so they couldn't follow them and have to suffer guilt or feelings of inadequacy I don't know It's like I'm still trying to teach myself survival lessons I don't know what I would teach a child I think about it in terms of all my talk of freedom and everything

MALKA: Freedom and in particular the word "free" is another theme in your music What does freedom mean to you?

JONI: Freedom to me is the luxury of being able to follow the path of the heart I think that's the only way that you maintain the magic in your life that you keep your child alive Freedom is necessary for me in order to create and if I cannot create I don't feel alive

MALKA: Do you ever envision or fear that the well of creativity might dry up?

JONI: Well every year for the last four years I have said, "That's it" I feel often that it has run dry, you know and all of a sudden things just come pouring out But I know I know that this is a feeling that increases as you get older I have a fear that I might become a tunesmith that I would be able to write songs but not poetry I don't know It's a mystery, the creative process inspiration is a mystery, but I think that as long as you still have questions the muse has got to be there You throw a question out to the muses and maybe they drop something back on you

MALKA: Sitting from the outside it seems that as a creative person you have attained quite a lot you have an avenue in which to express your talent, affluence, recognition What are your aims now?

JONI: Well I really don't feel I've scratched the surface of my music I'm not all that confident about my words Thematically I think that I'm running out of things which I feel are important enough to describe verbally I really think that as you get older life's experience becomes more, I begin to see the paradoxes resolved It's almost like most things that I would once dwell on and explore for an hour, I would shrug my shoulders to now In your twenties things are still profound and being uncovered However, I think there's a way to keep that alive if you don't start putting up too many blocks I feel that my music will continue to grow — I'm almost a pianist now, and the same thing with the guitar And I also continue to draw, and that also is in a stage of growth, it hasn't stagnated yet. And I hope to bring all these things together Another thing I'd like to do is to make a film There's a lot of things I'd like to do so I still feel young as an artist I don't feel like my best work is behind me I feel as if it's still in front.

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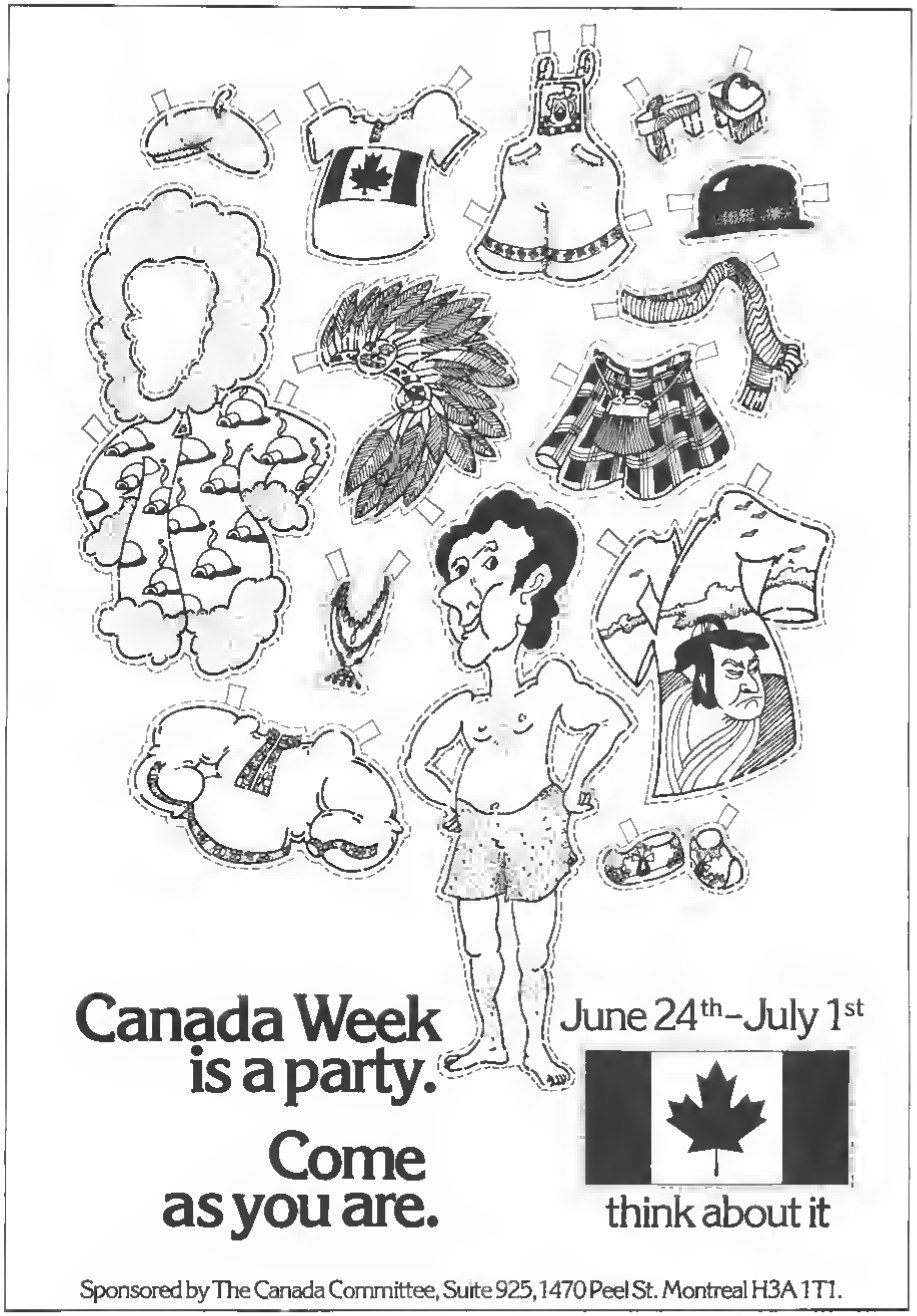
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has resistance to electrical current. Thus the meter can tell when you have created a thought. Still, they reject suggestions that the E-meter is a lie detector, and my experience, at least, supported this. The meter detected nothing wrong when I answered no to a standard question: Was I a news reporter working on an article? The truth would have ended my Scientology career immediately. Reporters fall into a category the church calls "potential trouble sources," that is, security risks.

(Scientology officials discovered only much later, when I returned for conventional interviews, that I had enrolled with what they called an "underhanded" purpose. Their response was a bitter campaign to prevent publication of my story. They gave notice that I would almost certainly face a serious lawsuit. They produced affidavits which they claimed showed I had made remarks slandering their beliefs. They sent protests to everyone who might conceivably have influence — from the editors of the newspaper for which I work up to the Ontario Press Council.)

The E-meter is the probing tool used in Scientology's central activity, a sort of amateur psychotherapy. The church does not claim to practise psychiatry, to do so would be illegal. But the church's penchant for do-it-yourself analysis goes back to the 1950s, even before Ron Hubbard's movement started calling itself a religion. At that time Scientology's adherents had only one major goal: they wanted to become clear of past suffering through a process they called "dianetics." Nowadays church leaders say this state of "clear" is attainable for as little as $4,500 if you take the economy route. People in a hurry can spend $15,000 or substantially more. But "clearing" is no longer the final goal. Hubbard adds new rungs to the ladder from time to time. With sufficient cash, you can now move through seven more exalted levels.

Once a novice comes to believe that the waving needle of the E-meter truly bares his soul, he can "prove to himself" that Hubbard's theories are fact. Using a meter, his "auditor" or therapist "locates" the unsuspected subconscious memories that disturb him. These memories — always associated with pain or unconsciousness — are called "engrams" by Scientologists. When they are thoroughly exposed, by making the patient consciously remember them, their power is "blown off" or dissipated.

Under the guidance of the auditor, the patient might remember having his head chopped off in a mass execution in 19th-century China. His description could be accompanied by lavish and gory detail although the incident apparently took place 100 years before his birth. The E-meter might indicate that yes, this is a true memory. Then it might indicate that the traumatic effect of the engram had been erased by the act of bringing it to light.

The Chinese execution is not a far-fetched, hypothetical example. It's taken from a case described in *Have You Lived Before This Life?* by Ron Hubbard, which is on sale for four dollars at most church branches.

Hubbard teaches a novel doctrine which holds that both the spirit and the body — quite separately — have been reincarnated thousands of times before their present existence. The potential gruesomeness of their stored-up memories is staggering. Just in the present life an almost limitless number of horrible experiences may be engraved on our unwitting minds.

Our souls may be hamstrung by chains of unpleasant events that begin during the nine months before birth. The hapless fetus may be buffeted by dozens of things that happen to — or are done by — its mother. It doesn't seem to miss or forget much. Here's a sampling of the prenatal cripplers Hubbard cites (with no sign of tongue in

continued on page 74



cheek) in another four-dollar book: The Hiccup Chain, the Douche Chain, the Constipation Chain, the Cotus Chain, the Masturbation Chain, and four classes of Attempted Abortion Chain.

To understand how this grim view of life is marketed, you must take into account Ron Hubbard's teaching method. Everything is taken in small bites and completely "understood" before the student moves on. He is not allowed to stand back and critically examine the material.

The $25 course I took was called *Anatomy Of The Human Mind*. It started off with fairly sensible hints on human communication. You can't communicate with another person until you get that person's attention, that sort of thing. From there, the material became slowly but steadily less commonplace.

As I completed each brief section of the course, I was "checked out" (often with an E-meter) on what I had learned. The basic question was: "Is there anything you haven't understood?" I admitted that one Hubbard doctrine made no sense to me. The instructor, a bouncy girl named Cindy Harris, said I must have "a misunderstood."

I learned I could be required to read and reread the same passage indefinitely. Failure to accept Hubbard's disjointed thoughts signified misunderstanding, not rational disagreement. To get ahead in Scientology, any but the least questioning student would be forced to pretend.

I found Hubbard's disciples an unremarkable group — mostly young and middle-class with a sprinkling of older people and toddlers. The children make an attractive picture, playing on the org floor while their parents work for Scientology — until they're old enough to study Hubbard's tedious works themselves. It's depressing to watch a nine-year-old girl who says she's never read *Winnie The Pooh* spending her morning over a Scientology text and a dictionary.

What draws people to this unlikely enclave? I can see some of the attractions: personal attention if you're lonely, a direction in life if you're confused, a sense of achievement if you feel unsuccessful in the larger world, and certainty, cosmic certainty. Scientologists, in Hubbard's words, are "the only group on earth that does have a workable solution."

The last assignment of my two-day course was to sit through a tape recording of a Ron Hubbard speech. The original listeners — a 1961 gathering of Scientologists in South Africa — were obviously enthralled by his account of triumphs over disease and even death.

They learned that asthma can result from inability to do arithmetic. And they learned that the brain plays no part in controlling the body. "In Scientology," Hubbard said, "we have taken people with all and any part of their brains destroyed and restored the bodily functions although that part of the brain was gone." He concluded that the brain "doesn't control anything, all it is is a shock absorber."

Other miracles within the power of Scientology, Hubbard said, include making the blind see and bringing the dead back to life. Of the latter he said: "That's no trick, it's whether they want to be alive that's the point."

Repeatedly during my stay in the church I was told that 70% of human ailments are psychosomatic. Scientology "addresses the spirit" and thus can handle mentally induced problems medicine can't touch, it was explained.

The church states emphatically that it is not itself in the business of medical treatment. Notices are posted to warn newcomers with physical disorders that they must see a doctor before getting help from Scientology. But within Scientology, Ron Hubbard's words are timeless. His outrageous medical claims — on a 13-year-old tape — are part of a basic introduction to the faith he founded.

Hubbard first published his theory of dianetics in 1950 in *Astounding Science Fiction* magazine. In book form (*Dianetics: The Modern Science Of Mental Health*) it became a best seller. It sparked a fad that Hubbard translated into a church around 1954.

Here, pieced together from his haphazard writings and other sources, is Hubbard's theology.

In the beginning were the "thetans," or spirits, billions of them, including you and me. We existed in a void. We were — and are now, if only we knew it — almost immortal and very powerful. We could create matter by willing it. (The only thing that existed before us was the "prime source.") Living in emptiness was boring, so we created the universe as a game. We adopted bodies and played at being physical creatures. But since we could always get another body, the stakes were low. The solution was to treat each of us with "forget implants," blotting out our lofty knowledge. Now, when we die, we report back to a station on Mars or elsewhere, where we are made to forget our past lives and are assigned new bodies. But because of the "forget implants," most of us think we really *are* only bodies. Scientology is the "way to freedom" from that delusion.

Another problem is that in eons past there were bitter wars between groups of thetans, and between thetans and strictly physical beings. These wars were marked by interplanetary invasions, enslavement of populations and systematic, brutal torture. Some experiences of the combatants are too horrible to be completely forgotten, even with the help of the implant machines back at the report station.

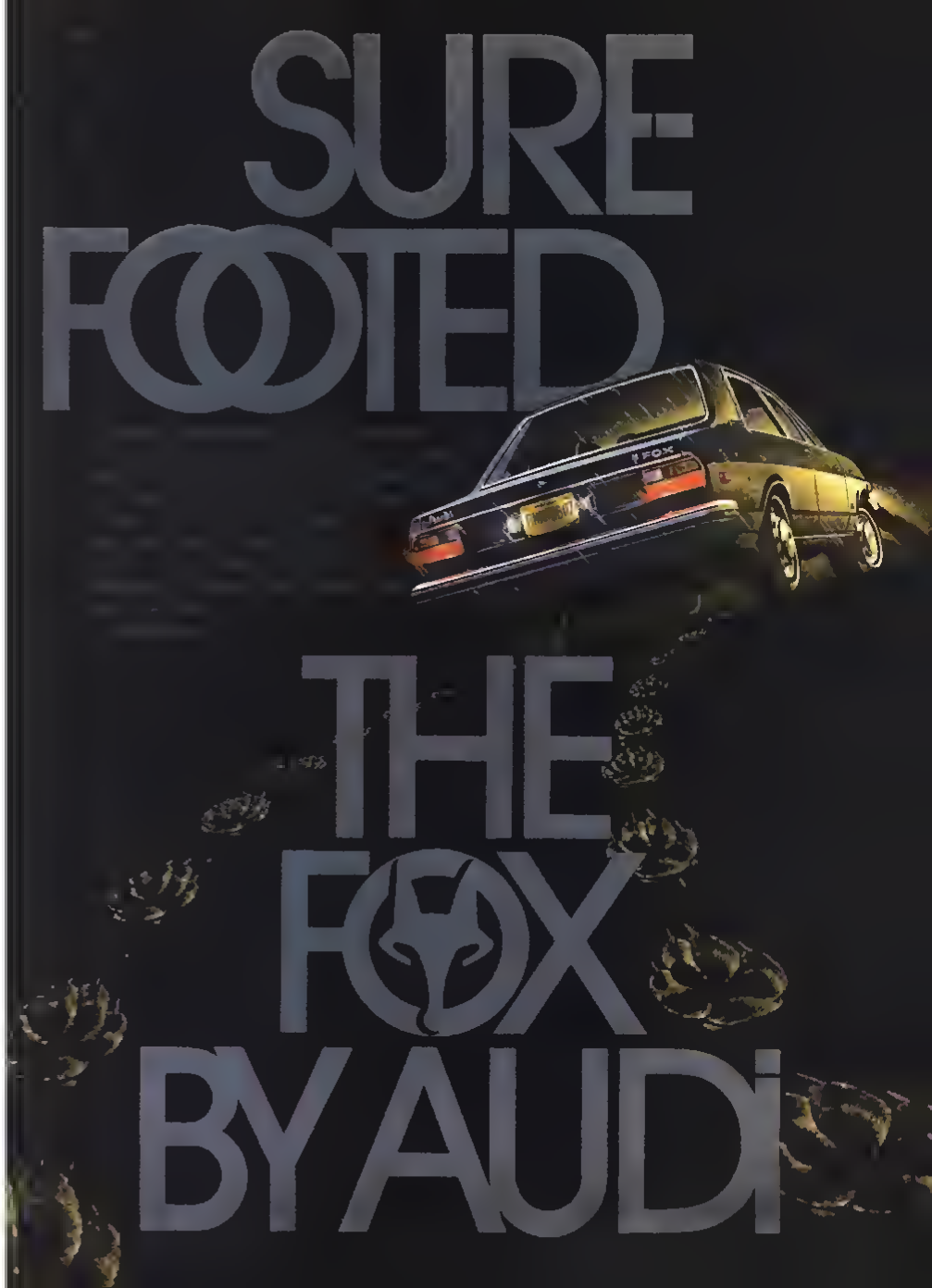
A nasty group called the Fourth Invader developed the "coffee grinder," a torture Hubbard says is part of everyone's suppressed memories. "The coffee grinder is a two-handled portable machine which, when turned on, emits a heavy push-pull electronic wave in a series of stuttering 'baps'," Hubbard explains. Memories of the coffee grinder are brought to the surface by the sight and sound of pneumatic drills. It is these horrible memories that are "responsible for the mortality of workers assigned to

continued on page 76

JASPER



Well Ed? You still claim they find a picnic by instinct?"



these drills on construction projects"

This description is taken from Hubbard's *History Of Man* which he offers as "a cold-blooded factual account of your last 60 trillion years" In the book, he discusses many devices employed by and against our former selves notably the Jack-In-The Box

The Jack-In-The-Box was "an invader trick a method of trapping thetans" It consisted of a pretty box containing a stack of pictures, plus an explosive charge "The thetan looks over the pictures" Hubbard writes "He finds they are quite similar one to another They show, each one, a picture of a box of pictures" Then Bang! People bothered by this memory are "very curious about cereal boxes which have pictures of boxes of cereal which have pictures of boxes of cereal"

We battle-scarred thetans showed up on this planet only during the past 70 000 years Hubbard teaches But over millions of years of Earth history, the human body was evolving quite independently In fact, the body has its own second-rate soul which is capable of operating without the help of a thetan This is the "genetic entity" the equivalent of the mind of a horse or pig The thetan is a sort of puppeteer who controls the body often from a position three feet behind the head All these thetans are invisible, of course

What complicates things is that the genetic entity or animal mind is also semi-immortal Starting in some primitive form such as algae or plankton it climbed a grim ladder of evolution passing through many unpleasant existences Unluckily we can remember these too

The best-known stopover in the ascent of the animal mind is The Weeper (also called the Boohoo) which "spent half a million years on the beach" Hubbard writes "The plights of The Weeper are many and pathetic Still obtaining its food from the waves, it had yet to breathe Waves are impetuous and irregular The Weeper would open up to get food from the water and get a wave in its shell It would vigorously pump out the water and then before it could gulp atmosphere be hit by another wave Here was anxiety"

Scientology offers through high-priced therapy to free members' minds and souls of the shackles of these past experiences Then they can go on to realize their true potential by buying more training and therapy to become "operating thetans." Operating thetans (OTs in the jargon of Scientology) are aware of their powers and life-span They are "at cause" (in control) of their environment. In short they can do all sorts of miraculous things — if they want to

Hubbard acknowledges that "it's a terrible temptation to knock off hats at 50 yards and read books a couple of countries away" But he cautions his OTs "Don't get spectacular until a few of the boys make it You don't want to be lonesome — and you'll need reinforcements if a war gets declared on the-tans here Let's not go upsetting governments and putting on a show to prove anything to homo sapiens for a while"

Some Scientology ministers wear clerical collars, others don't At one time or another individual Scientology ministers have been empowered to perform marriages in Nova Scotia, Manitoba, Alberta British Columbia, the Northwest Territories and the Yukon But the federal government has declined to register the church as a religious or charitable body for tax purposes

The Rev Bryan Levman who holds the top post in Canadian Scientology stresses that church members are not required to give up their other faiths Levman, 27, is a straggly-bearded former music teacher Although Scientology has lately been adopting the trappings of Christianity (using a stylized cross and stating that "there is no disagreement with other churches as to Jesus Christ being the Son of God"), Levman says he himself remains a practising Jew

Inside the Toronto org, I saw one ceremony that might be construed as worship It was an hour-long "Sunday service" opening with a recitation of the Scientology creed, which is reminiscent of the United States Declaration of Independence Then followed an illustrated talk by a Scandinavian sculptress on the influence of Scientology on her art The service ended with a prayer addressed to the "Author of the universe"

That was almost a week after I took my "personality test" Meanwhile, like almost everyone who takes a Scientology course, I had been invited to join the church's hardworking staff

After a break-in period the new staffer signs a 2½-year contract and forgets most other personal and social activities He may work 43 hours a week (that's considered part-time) or 69 hours (full-time), plus plenty of unpaid overtime If he already has a job, he may be encouraged to give it up He may find himself filing thousands of Ron Hubbard policy statements in a warren-like church basement, writing hundreds of "personal letters" to strangers, or trying to persuade pedestrians to buy a Hubbard book

In return, he gets small variable amounts of money — usually something between $10 and $50 a week —and the hope that Scientology will solve his problems

The really big spending in Scientology begins when the believer travels to "advanced organizations" in California or England or goes directly to the seat of the founder, the yacht Apollo One Canadian widow, whose last letters home came from Los Angeles, is believed by former Toronto friends to have gone through $35 000 or more — including her husband's insurance money and a fund set up by his friends when he died

A single course on Hubbard's boat can cost $5,000 a "package" of training can cost $12,000 Scientology staff members may receive these benefits free But if they leave the church before completing their "contracts" (usually five years at this level), they are billed for everything they received Such "freeloader bills" have run as high as $48 000 and thousands have been issued The ex-Scientologist may find that former colleagues have been offered 10% commission to collect from him

My last visit to the org (some time after the Scientologists realized I was writing about them) was a conducted tour Church leaders insisted I give them a chance to correct unfavorable impressions they seemed to assume I had gained As it happened, two local celebrities who subscribe to Scientology were in the building that weekday morning

Dini Petty the 29-year-old hostess of a television phone-in show, confided that she had come to the church as I did to investigate its practices She decided there was nothing to "expose" and proceeded to invest about $5 000 in training and therapy "It's the best $5 000 I ever spent," she said "It (Scientology) has taken all the rotten, ugly things that ever happened to me and removed them from my life" Studying near Miss Petty was rock drummer Larry Evoy who is an operating thetan The 27-year-old musician credits Scientology with much of the recent success of his rock group Edward Bear

Converts with mass followings are prized in the church Larry Evoy testifies regularly for Scientology in ads in *Rolling Stone*, the U S pop bible A church "celebrity centre" in Los Angeles caters to the needs of movie stars and athletes The route to Total Freedom is not so smooth for rank-and-file members

In one of Ron Hubbard's near-forgotten fiction works *Typewriter In The Sky*, the central character finds himself in a bizarre existence after being written into the plot of a pulp novel Scientologists who stumble across the book may pause to consider their lot ◇

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Deodorancy Absorbency Comfort Nobody else can offer you as much



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MAUCH *from page 40*

every move paid dividends Baseball's wise men were heralding his strategy as the finest job of managing the game had ever seen

Then the wheels fell off In a desperate attempt to cling to a shrinking lead in the last 10 days, he abandoned his starting four-man rotation and finished the season with just two pitchers Jim Bunning and Chris Short They pitched themselves to exhaustion while fresh arms sat unused on the bench The Phillies lost 10 straight and finished in a tie for second There was only one man to blame the Little General

Mauch absorbed the tidal wave of abuse with savage restraint "To hell with 'em," he spat "I'm not going to defend myself to anybody Inside I know I did everything I could to win it" But then he added ruefully "I only wish I'd done as good a job as my players"

Never mind the 50 push-ups he does before breakfast the rock-hard ropy frame, the ramrod-straight carriage which stops just short of being a strut when he walks the eyes which can zap you with frostbite at 50 paces, the steel edged rasp which ejects hot rivets of invective with each syllable Deep down Gene Mauch is a softie Hidden beneath the iconoclastic, tough-guy exterior is a lot of mother hen It shows when his eyes glisten with pride over a particular play or glower at you reproachfully when you write something critical of one of his people The common denominator is that win or lose good or bad, his players are his people a relationship not unlike that of a father surrounded by his many sons And if he refuses to let them wear long hair or moustaches — while the Oakland As win successive world championships in swashbuckling hirsute fashion — the point is that the players admire him so much they accept these restrictions without a whimper

Why? Because they know that just about every one of them came here with some real or imagined flaw which caused them to be set adrift by other organizations And he instilled in them an unwavering belief that not only can they play in the National League they can win in the National League And on those days when they are beset by doubts the Little General is always there, stoking their competitive fires and reminding them in blunt terms that he's not going to give up on them until they give up on themselves Slowly but surely he molded them into a raunchy, gung-ho outfit which took sadistic delight in grinding the National League contenders underfoot in 1973 They battled down to the final week of the 1973 schedule before being eliminated from the pennant race in the National League East — still finishing fourth, a mere three and a half games back of the division champions, the New York Mets

Mauch's reputation as a builder stems from the 8½ seasons managing Philadelphia, when he created a contender from a team that was so bad that former manager Eddie Sawyer walked out just after opening day in 1960 saying "I'm 49 years old And I want to live to be 50" But after two frustrating rebuilding years, Gene coaxed six straight winning seasons out of them His reward? Fired, 55 games into the 1968 season, with player after player turning against him

His tantrums in Philadelphia were legend, he ripped a pay telephone from its moorings in the clubhouse in Pittsburgh One Sunday night in September, 1962, he stormed into the clubhouse in Houston after the Phillies had blown a 2-1 game to the Astros in the bottom of the ninth, jerked the tablecloth from underneath a lavishly prepared buffet, flinging its contents the length of the



"I'm glad baseball is in season again. The violence in hockey was getting to me.

room Then he waded through a swamp of potato salad to tongue-lash the team for several minutes

"We had a chance to finish fourth and it looked like they'd rolled over and quit," he recalls "Well, I wasn't going to let them fold It got the job done because we won five of our last six, and the players picked up $750 apiece It gave them some pride to live with"

The nightmare of that 1964 stretch collapse remains He can now bring himself to joke about the rabid Philadelphia fans, though "I'll tell you how tough they were One day we had an Easter egg hunt in the park for kids before the game The fans booed the kids who didn't find any eggs"

"Just knowing him for a few years," said one member of the Phillies' organization, "he seemed like the kind of guy who had a tough boyhood, who got knocked around all his life and is now determined to get even with everybody who knocked him down But he didn't have that kind of life He came from a good family, he loved his mother and father He's crazy about his own family There's nothing in his background to explain it Maybe it was the frustration of being a bench warmer in the majors

Mauch's father ran a chain of bakeries in Salina, Kansas, and Gene calls him "the greatest man I ever knew There wasn't nothing he couldn't do Nothing! The depression ruined his business so he said 'If I'm going to work like a dog to make a living here, I might as well go to California where Gene can concentrate on being an athlete all-year round' Now I never had great natural ability, but I was a good all-round athlete I was best at ball and I was a red-ass, a helluva lot like Tom Foli [Expos' shortstop] Same temperament ... always agitating. One time in the old Pacific Coast League I had the Seattle fans so mad at me they gave me a standing ovation for getting hurt"

In 17 seasons as a player, he played only 304 games in the majors — with six different clubs The end came one day at old Nicolet Park in Minneapolis in 1958 — a park so old that every time a foul ball hit a certain spot on the grandstand roof, all the toilets flushed in unison Furious at his inability to make his 32-year-old body respond to the outrageous demands he made on it day after day, Mauch stomped into the clubhouse pulled off his cleats and shouted for the clubhouse boy

"Get me a hammer and nails!"

"What on earth for?" asked the kid

"Never mind, goddamit Get 'em"

The boy dutifully returned with one large hammer and a mouthful of two-inch nails Mauch took them stood up and nailed his shoes to the wall He never played another game

That same year he managed Minneapolis Millers to the Junior World Series championship, sweeping the old Montreal Royals in straight games Then the Phillies hired him, and he spent eight stormy years there, where his battles with writers became legend

He let everyone know that carving him in print would be a two-way street

Thus word soon got out among the Montreal baseball writers in 1969 the year Mauch and the Expos arrived, to walk softly into Mauch's office after a defeat. And since the team lost 110 games in its first season — including 20 in a row at one point — there was a big run on Hush Puppies at the local shoe stores One night, Jacques Doucet, then baseball writer for *La Presse*, entered Gene's office treading on eggs groping for just one small quote to prove to his sports editor that he'd had enough courage to stick his nose in Doucet had carefully rehearsed his opening question, but as he entered Mauch's office all he was able to blurt out was

"If ..."

"If my ass!" shouted Mauch "Don't come in here throwing hypothetical questions at me Get out!"

Every loss ate a hole in his gut, and in those early years his Expos seemed determined to drive him to new thresholds of torment by inventing new ways to beat themselves Once, the Expos managed to turn a double and a single into a double play Rookie Don Hahn had singled against the Dodgers when Rusty Staub hit a ball off the wall in left centre Veteran Dodger shortstop Maury Wills seeing Hahn racing for second with his head down pounded his mitt and looked straight up in the air pretending it was just an infield pop-up Hahn seeing Wills ready to make a catch turned and scampered back to first — passing a surprised Staub on his way to second Both runners were out

I spent much of my spare time in 1971 writing a book on Rusty Staub Staub, *Le Grand Orange*, was a folk hero in Quebec of Jean Béliveau proportions But a week before opening day in 1972 the Expos traded him to the Mets for Ken Singleton Tim Foli and Mike Jorgenson I thought it was a bad trade, not only because the cancellation of the book cost me an anticipated $15,000 but because the Expos were giving up their only star for three players who had yet to prove they were major leaguers I tore into the management writing, among other things "Foli is Mauch's kind of ball player A utility infielder who can't hit" Mauch loved him "He reminds me of a young fella I used to be real close to"

Later that 1972 season I walked into the Expo clubhouse 20 minutes after a loss and made the mistake of smiling at something third baseman Bob Bailey said to me Mauch charged over and drummed a finger off my chest "Listen, you bastard, you wipe that smile off your face or get your ass out of here There's nothing funny about losing"

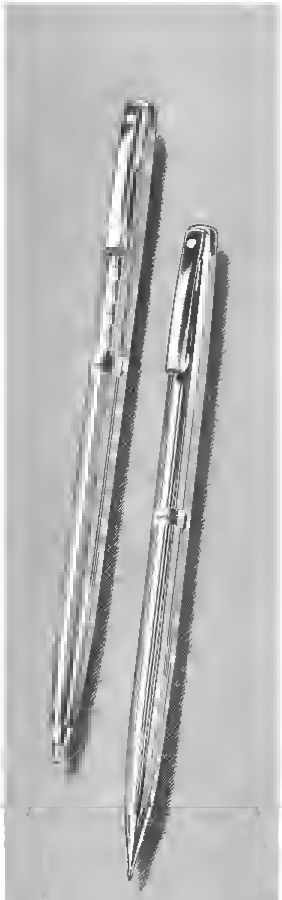
Rather than allow Mauch to control my facial expressions, I stayed out of the clubhouse for the rest of the season I got even early in 1973 when Expos general manager Jim Fanning ventured into the press box in Pittsburgh and caught me snickering into my typewriter over a private joke The Expos had just lost and Fanning snorted, "I don't see anything funny in losing a game like that" So I summoned Expos public relations man, Larry Chiasson, and had Fanning thrown out of the press box I continued to taunt Mauch from afar When he managed his 2,000th game in the majors and blew it by not pulling his starting pitcher soon enough, I wrote that he'd forgotten everything he learned in the previous 1,999

Not surprisingly, Mauch called me aside at spring training in March 1973 "Robertson," he said, "you're an ornery sonovabitch You have the makings of a great writer but you're a failure as a human being." It was the nicest thing he said to me all season

To Mauch all sportswriters are natural enemies but you get a different picture of the man when you talk to people who have worked with him Dick Wil-

continued on page 80





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llams who managed the Oakland team to two world championships served as third-base coach for Mauch in 1970. "If you gathered all the major league managers together for a refresher course and told them to choose one of their number to conduct the clinic, their choice would be Mauch," he told me last year. "I've never worked for a man who is so well organized. He taught me everything about manoeuvrability of personnel — using your bench properly. Just coaching at third base for him was an unforgettable experience.

"Most of all, I learned how to eat, sleep and drink baseball 24 hours a day. I learned how to pay the price in effort and now I'm reaping the dividend. Everything I've done since 1970 I owe to him. If there's any justice, he'll get his chance to manage in the World Series."

Most players idolize Mauch; he rarely criticizes one of his own. But now and then his frustration gets the best of him. Like the time he became so thoroughly exasperated with southpaw Mickey Scott that he told a reporter: "Scott couldn't get my daughter out." To which Scott replied: "I hate Gene Mauch's guts." Scott is no longer an Expo.

But had the same Scott said, "I worship the man," it wouldn't have made any difference, because once Gene Mauch gives up on a player that player fails to even exist in his mind. Conversely, players who win for Mauch are allowed to march to their own drum as long as it doesn't impair their performance on the field. He let Richie Allen dress apart from the rest of the Phillie players, miss batting practice, miss team buses and planes and occasionally show up at the park stinking of booze. But Richie produced for him.

Similarly, his ace reliever, Mike Marshall, came to the Expos with a reputation as a celebrated nonconformist. At Houston, where players — many of them in their mid-thirties — used to be locked in dormitories at the stroke of midnight during spring training, Marshall took umbrage with Hardhat Harry Walker's lengthy list of rules regarding personal conduct and asked him bluntly one day, "How many times a week are we allowed to get laid?" For punishment, Mike was told to run several laps around the outside of the Astrodome in 100-degree heat. He refused. And that's how the Expos got him for minor league outfielder Don Bosch.

At Montreal, Mike squabbled with the press, refused to sign autographs for the fans, fought with teammates, reported late to spring training every year and bitched about everything in general all season. But he won for Gene.

And even when Marshall committed the unpardonable sin of carving up his teammates in print and branding the Expos' defense as "terrible," Mauch fought Expos management's decision to trade him — until General Manager Jim Fanning told him he could get Dodger captain Willie Davis in return. Mauch, desperately needed a centre fielder of Davis' calibre, so for that reason alone he parted with Marshall.

Players who fit into Mauch's plans for a baseball team know he'll fight anyone for them. They watched him charge the mound at Jarry Park and try to bang a haymaker on six-foot-four Steve Carlton for beaning his shortstop, Tim Foli. The Phillies piled on Mauch and a full-scale brawl ensued. The Little General limped out of the fray, cut and bleeding with a pinched nerve in his neck. "That's Mauch's game," howled Carlton. "That's the way he likes to play it. But I say it's bullshit. That's not the way it works. Not with me, it doesn't."

"So that's my game, eh?" spat Mauch. "You tell Carlton that if I'd given him my game shot, he'd be tattooed with spike marks from his Achilles tendon up to the tips of his cute long hair."

Frank Lucchesi, manager of the Phils, sought out Mauch and tried to pacify him. "Look, Gene, I've known you for 10 years and I've never lied to you. Carlton wasn't trying to hit your man — the pitch just slipped on him."

"You bastard, you've just lied to me now," fumed Mauch. "I've only known you for five years."

Gene Mauch manages only one way — to win. "If you're managing just to keep your job, you're dead," he says. "And you know who recognizes the approach first? The players. And then friend, you're double dead.

"Intense is the word to describe me. It's just that I never made any big money and had any of the real good things. And now that I have them and appreciate the people allowing me to enjoy them, I'll be damned if I'll do anything but my best."

Baseball games may bring out the best in him, but writers who do not eulogize his every move do not. The end came for Gene Mauch and myself one day last year after Expos had ingloriously blown a game in Houston. Mike Marshall had balked in the tying run and Tom Walker had come on to balk in the winning run. Naturally, I had to go down to the Expos clubhouse to find out why.

"You bastard," he said, "you love coming down here tormenting us when we lose, don't you?"

"If I only came in here when you won, I'd have to work for a weekly," I muttered as I left. We haven't spoken since, even though I traveled with the club every day. But I didn't forget him in October when he was named National League Manager of the Year. I sent his wife, Nina Lee, a dozen long-stem roses with the inscription: "To the better half of the manager of the year." ☆



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YOUR VIEW

Cape Breton soul

I just wanted to let you know how much I enjoyed the article on John Allan Cameron

I first heard John Allan on CJFX radio On those cold winter mornings in Cape Breton when we were getting ready to catch the school bus at 7 30 a.m., one of John Allan's tunes always got us off to a good start Since then, I have had the pleasure of seeing him perform in person several times and have followed his career with interest His style is distinctive and unique, as is the "Cape Breton soul" music which he interprets so well and with such a sense of enjoyment But then, again, who could help but enjoy Cape Breton music!

LYDIA E MacKINNON, HALIFAX

Matter of fact

As the first director — along with John Hirsch — of the Manitoba Theatre Centre, I should point out that MTC began, not in 1968 as Peter Hay states in *Standing Room Only on the Prairie Circuit* (April), but in 1958 That was the year the Winnipeg Little Theatre tried running a season in tandem with John Hirsch and Tom Hendry's rival Theatre 77

The following year there was an amalgamation of both companies and MTC began quickly to evolve from semi-amateur to completely professional, the first fully professional production (meaning that all the actors were paid!) was *Look Back In Anger*, which I directed.

DESMOND SCOTT, TORONTO

It's good for you too

I read and enjoyed the articles by Sondra Gotlieb — *A feast of the roots* (December) and *Food for thought* (March) and I wish to defend poor Sondra from the stern remarks of Pan J Evanishen

First in the Ukrainian dictionary by Jacob Kratt (Winnipeg) on page 133 we have "perig" — pie dumpling, and in the Ukrainian dialect in Canada the plural of the word perig would be perogies

Second Pyrohy (Polish?) or perregies — both are wrong for the dish Sondra was speaking about The dumplings filled with meat, cheese, or cherries are called, in proper Ukrainian, "vareneeki" I heard its Canadian name "perigies" for the first time in Vancouver 20 years ago Cabbage rolls as "golubtzi" are okay

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HEART *from page 30*

own fundamental worth to his own satisfaction

Somewhere in his development process he began to measure the value of his total personality or character by the *number* of his achievements Moreover these achievements invariably must be those he believes capture the respect and admiration of his peers and superiors He does not, however, care whether these achievements gain him the love or affection of his fellowman, although he does not particularly care to be disliked

Having chosen this yardstick, he has committed himself irretrievably to a life course that can never bring him true equanimity The *number*, not the quality, of his achievements must constantly increase to satiate an appetite that unchecked by other restraints ceaselessly increases Second, he believes that the number of his achievements are always being judged by his peers and subordinates, and since the latter are constantly changing as he ascends in the socio-economic scale, he feels that the number of his achievements must also rise

Many people tend to rationalize the wretchedness of the means they use to reach their own ends

The ordinary Type A person is no different Although no more evil than anyone else, he is extremely apt to excuse many of his daily errors in living by pointing to his hoped for end The real tragedy, of course, is that the Type A person's fundamental immaturity never allows him to discern two basic truths the first one being that the end of man is always the same whether he has been a galley slave or a Moorish prince, and the second, that life is not a particular cluster of days that made up his childhood or that will envelop him in his senescence Rather life is a series of single days Certain days, of course become more important than others But the Type A man, not realizing the real composition of his life as whole, allows thousands of days to pass by unnoticed, and unenjoyed, believing that there will be some sort of "end" that will finally explain and justify his time on earth

If he manages to escape a heart attack or cancer and reaches 65 years of age, he may begin to wonder where this marvelous "end" is and when it will begin to cast its golden glow upon his waning years Then the soul-crushing truth falls upon him There is to be no great "end" but only a slow petering out, a period during which he must watch his mental and physical prowess fade gradually away Only now, so very late, does he realize that his real life had been composed of days that had already passed away long ago

If then you are to live a beautiful life, you first must begin to live beautiful days And to live beautiful days, you also must think of beautiful things and events even if these things and events should seem silly to your business associates After all they don't have to be told all that you think We know a rather staid-appearing banker who almost daily walks in San Francisco's Golden Gate Park and amuses himself by private speculations about whether the flowers he sees there can dream, and if they do just what do they dream about Admittedly, he might not be asked to stay on several boards of directors if his colleagues were aware of his notions They are his own closely guarded ideas!

And to be certain that you are living a day-to-day life be brave enough to pen your own obituary at intervals Then you may judge what you have been and what you have done The practice might suggest some changes to be made before it is too late

It would be unfair of us to suggest that this re-engineering will be an easy process or a painless one It must go on for a period of years You will find that it requires great persistence rather than a dramatic sort of courage; the measures to be adopted frequently run directly counter to impulses that have become

continued on page 82

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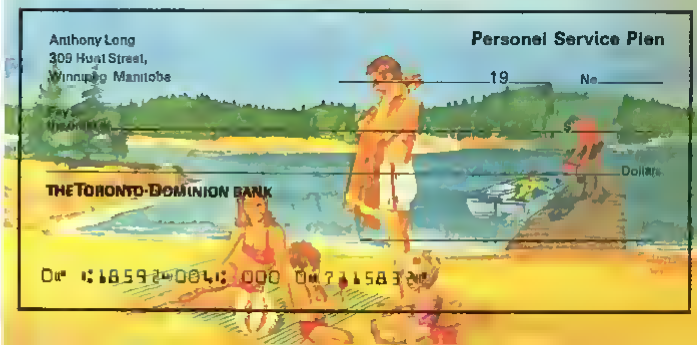
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natural to you. Tyrannizing habits that have been in command of you for decades will not yield to mere armchair resolutions or a few days of desultory attention. In our experience, the battle of new habits against old may have to continue indefinitely.

The procedures outlined here have for convenience been framed in terms of those who work in offices. But Type A behavior is found among persons of every class and profession. It originates within the person himself, not in his environment and must be fought on home ground.

If you could free yourself of "hurry sickness," at least 50% or more of your Type A Behavior Pattern would disappear. Although the Type A person frequently struggles against various challenges presented to him by his milieu, it is his battle against time that we suspect is the chief component sustaining his behavior pattern.

The very first step you must take is to revise your usual daily schedule of activities so as to eliminate as many events and activities as possible that do not contribute directly to your socioeconomic well-being. Previously, you worked to crowd in events, now you must work to shed events, even if they are closely linked to your business or profession.

For example, let's assume that you are a dentist and that you previously scheduled yourself to treat a patient every 30 minutes, allowing yourself a five- to 10-minute interval of rest and relaxation every several hours (an interval, incidentally, that few Type A dentists allow). Under your new anti-Type A program, you will plan to see and treat a patient every 45 minutes even though his therapy will require only 25 or 30 minutes. What change will this make in your life? Only this: you might make a little less money and feel strangely relaxed and carefree for part of every hour of your working days for the rest of your professional life.

Other activities in your life may require revisions if you are to recover from "hurry sickness." For example, you may be one of those thousands of suburbanites who for years have arisen just in time to dress, eat breakfast, scan the newspaper, reach the station and board your train. Such a daily schedule, which never makes any time allowance for a protracted inspection of your garden, a chance conversation with your neighbor or even a changed shirt in case you spill some coffee, carries with it, whether you will admit it or not, a note of regimentation. Though it's early in the day, you have already begun your fight against time.

Why not arise 15 minutes earlier than you usually do? If you wish a second cup of coffee or want to dawdle a bit more over your newspaper, you will be able to do so. If you wish to take a stroll in your yard or garden, or even talk to a neighbor, you will have time.

You must also re-engineer your telephone habits if any person can telephone your office and be directly connected with you, regardless of what you may be doing or with whom you may be talking. The only reason why Type A persons allow themselves to be interrupted this way is that they are basically insecure. They always fear that a terribly important client or customer may telephone and become furiously upset were he denied immediate access. If you have this fear, and permit yourself to be interrupted continually, you are aggravating your "hurry sickness."

If you are like most Type A persons, you are not much concerned about your everyday working surroundings. Unconsciously, however, these same surroundings and their disorderly jangle may play a very important part in nourishing your sense of time urgency.

If you work at a desk, for every unanswered letter or unfiled fragment of data, for every brochure and every memorandum to yourself that now clutters your desk or working space, there exists that much more "hurry sickness" in you. All these items have one thing in common — they continually remind you of the fact that you are behind. And no matter how intriguing, important, or interesting any office visitor may prove to be, when your eye is ensnared by this sort of debris lying on your desk, your sense of time urgency is enhanced.

To help yourself relax you should sort all your mail and other messages each morning into three categories — messages requiring prompt replies, those allowing a delay in response, and those requiring no reply.

After such sorting, immediately answer the messages requiring a quick response. Then if you have a secretary, give her your dictated or written responses and advise her to hold the second category of messages for later answering and to file the third category — or even better, toss them in the wastebasket. She leaves, your desk is clear.

If you are a severely afflicted Type A, at noon you tend to substitute a restaurant table for your own desk. Indeed, sometimes you scribble numbers on the napkins and the blank spaces of the restaurant's menu cards, as if they were your own office pads. Only the martini or the beer serves as a signal that a small change in your activities has taken place, except that the change is purely geographic. Luncheons, some of our patients have told us, allow "outside" committee meetings, as opposed to the normal "inside" committee meetings conducted during the rest of the day. Often too, lunchtime serves as the place where Type A persons launch their campaigns against competitors.

In re-engineering your life, you should seek to eliminate luncheons at which you continue to talk and think about the same things you do the rest of the day. Obviously, such luncheons cannot be completely eliminated — situations will arise when it will be necessary for you to mix your bread with your business.

But let us urge that you try to use your lunch period as an opportunity to meet yourself. Until you try seriously to discover what is the *essence* of your life and find out how to disengage it from the garbage of the days and years, your life will not be graced by peace — or your heart (most literally) with tranquility.

Although not all Type A persons are plagued with a sense of free-floating hostility, the majority do harbor varying amounts of this destructive emotion. We have met some Type As so severely afflicted that they almost never enjoy a moment of tranquility. One sees the darting, hateful, belligerent sparks escaping from their eyes even when they are merely asking the time of day.

How are you to re-engineer your daily living to keep your degree of hostility at its absolute minimum? First and fore-



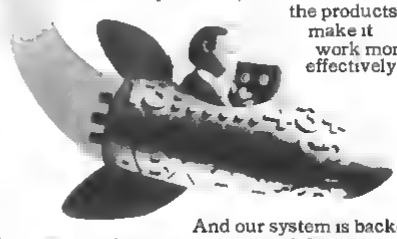
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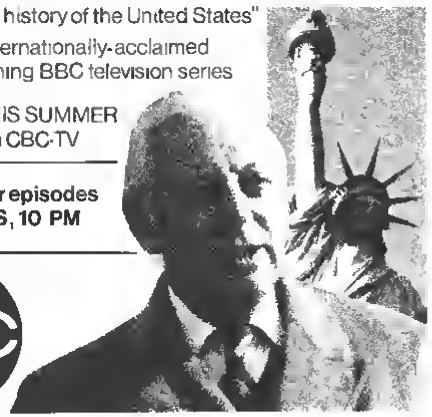
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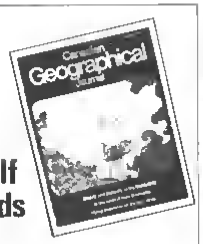
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HEART *continued*

most you must recognize that you do harbor flaws in your personality and that they are not virtues but defects. It is not easy for Type A persons to admit that they have any free-floating hostility, although some will admit that they "tend to be quick tempered." So for our purposes let us also assume that all "quick-tempered" people do possess a varying amount of hostility.

Once you have admitted to yourself that you do possess hostility, then you can seek help from two of your other mental attributes in trying to hold it in check or even eradicate it. There are two methods. First, use your reasoning powers to check your tendency to see every situation as a challenge, designed to upset and annoy you. Second, use your sense of humor. Even if a provocative or irritating event does succeed in breaking through your first line of defense, your sense of humor still may serve to defuse your anger. Almost all of us are able to laugh at the other fellow, but it may require a little doing to develop a sense of humor exquisite and brave enough to permit us to laugh at ourselves. Your re-engineered behavior will allow your free-floating hostility to emerge only after your power of reasoning has recognized the delivery of an insult worthy of being noticed — and your sense of humor agrees.

Type A Behavior Pattern, while originally growing out of a rather natural desire to acquire more and more things in less and less time, quickly reaches a stage in which the habits developed to achieve this goal break loose to take command over the person's whole life. They emerge to harass their possessor even when there is no longer any real need for him either to hurry or to fight.

Unless you establish new habits meant to supersede and replace your old ones, you will not free yourself from the Type A illness. Here are some suggested "drills" that may help you do this.

Drill against hurry sickness

1. Perhaps one of the most important new habits you can establish is to review at least once a week the original causes of your present "hurry sickness." Just as a doctor is far more likely to be able to cure a disease if he knows what causes it, you too will be better prepared to alter your degree of hurry sickness if you know why you have it.

2. Quit trying to think of more than one thing at a time.

3. If you do see someone doing a job slower than you know you can do it, don't interfere with him unless you are positive he can't do the job at all. If he can do it, but will finish five minutes later than you would have, remember that he is not suffering from "hurry sickness" — you are.

4. Tell yourself at least once a day that no enterprise ever failed because it was executed too slowly, too well. If you find this difficult to believe, begin making a list of the men whom you know who have failed and then ask yourself which of these men failed because he did something too well, too slowly, and which failed because he erred in his judgment or in a crucial decision. Almost invariably you will find that it was an error of judgment or decision. Then ask yourself, "Are good judgments and decisions best formulated under unhurried circumstances or under deadline pressures?"

5. Desist from projecting your own sense of time urgency upon those with whom you come into contact.

6. Find periods each day during which you purposely seek total body relaxation and peace of mind. Since hundreds of thousands of people enthusiastically insist that their adoption of various Yoga-inspired techniques manages to accomplish just these ends, you might be well advised to investigate one of these procedures.

A drill against hostility

1. If you are overly hostile, certainly the most important drill measure you should adopt is that one in which you remind yourself of the fact that you are hostile. Being forewarned, you are far less inclined to flare up at any stimulus short of one that would induce hostility in anybody.

2. Begin to speak your thanks or appreciation to others when they have performed services for you. And do not do so, like so many hostile Type A subjects, with merely a grunt of thanks. Take the time to look the man or woman who has served you well *full* in the face and then in full and gracious sentences let him or her know how grateful you are.

A drill toward things worth being

1. Your first drill measure should consist of a daily reminder to yourself that no matter how many things you have acquired, if they have not improved your own spirit or mind, you have only become a more prestigious "caretaker" of the creative works of others. Now it is time for you to concentrate on making your character one of worth. This is the message you should relate to yourself as your most important drill measure.

2. You must also find the time to consolidate a few of your acquaintanceships or friendships into firm and spiritually rewarding intimacies. Only living things provide joy, and joy is an essential emotion. As Sophocles pointed out, when joy is killed, man no longer lives.

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Return from obscurity

A last hurrah for Merrill Denison

BY DICK MacDONALD

Come June 23, Merrill Denison — playwright, historian, raconteur and bon vivant — will turn 81. Suffering from chronic bronchitis and emphysema, and paying hacking and wheezing dues to a lifelong smoking habit, the old man today moves even more slowly than before, which was always plodding at best ("I was born in the mechanical age at the very beginning, with the result that I always abhorred walking as a means of locomotion") Merrill Denison is in failing health, but he's not about to give up.

"'Til the end of my days," he says with pride, "I'll probably go on observing and griping about one thing and another."

One thing he'll observe and not gripe about is the current Merrill Denison Renaissance. His plays are being revived and restaged, his radio innovations are being recognized, and two generations who never knew Merrill Denison are being introduced to the maverick wit whose works are now finally being credited with the virtual creation of Canadian theatre. For most writers it is satisfaction enough to gain recognition for their works during their lifetimes: some small critical acclaim which provides the warm reassurance that, after all, it *was* worth it. For Merrill Denison, this is the second time around.

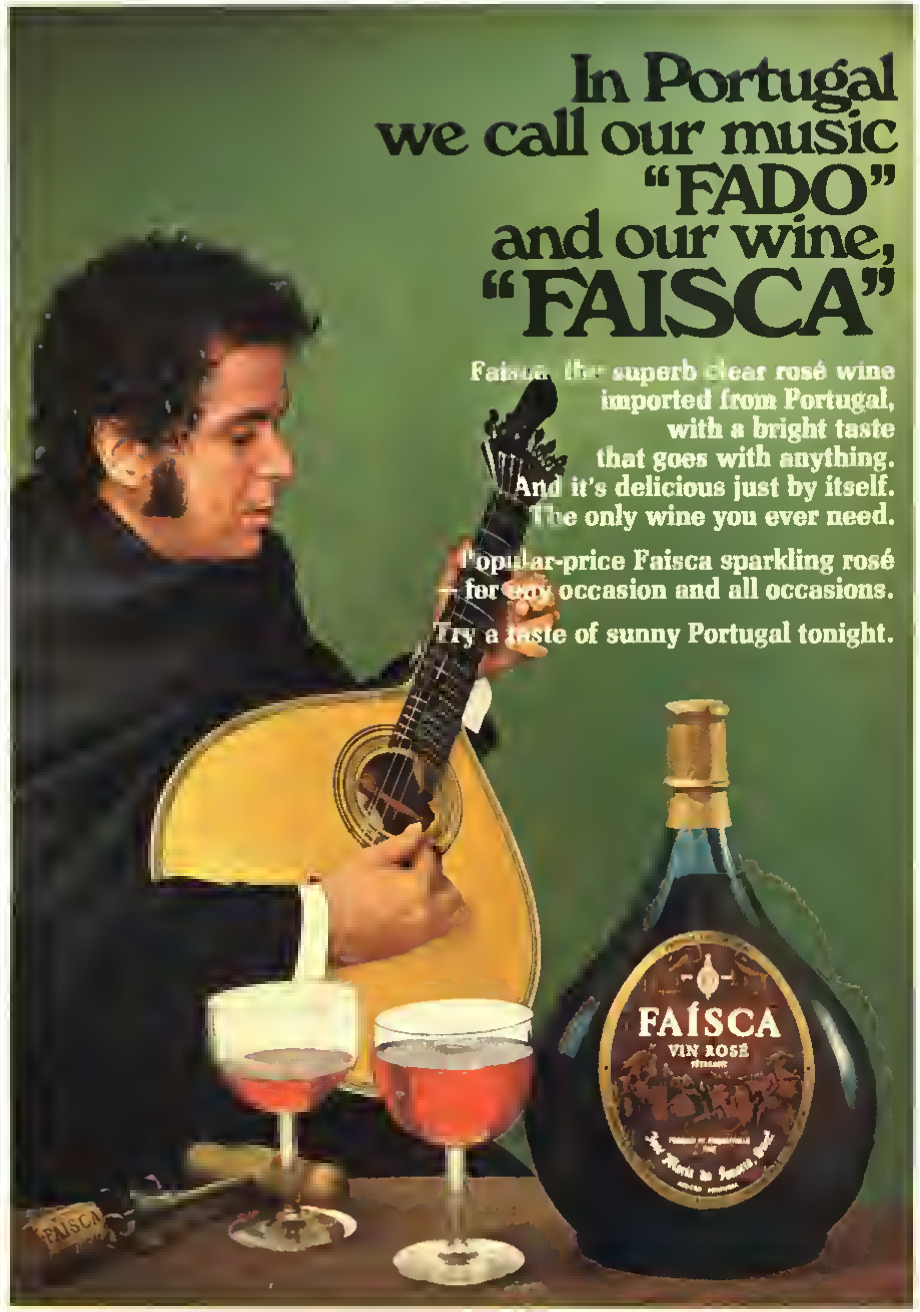
And unless time catches him off guard, and the physical body deserts the desire, Denison just might catch us all on the third time around. At 81 he's still scheming. "I would like to write a history of Canada," he said as he sat in front of the massive fireplace in his cottage at Bon Echo, northwest of Kingston, Ontario, "from *my* point of view.

"I would start with the proposition that first of all, from the geophysical aspect, Canada was an absolutely *absurd* creation. I would examine the proposition that Champlain shot the wrong Indian. If he'd only chosen an Algonquin chief and gotten mixed up with the Iroquois, the United States might well be French today! Interesting theory — but I wouldn't have the time . . ."

It's necessary to understand Denison



PHOTOGRAPH BY TOM MURRAY



in a context of time It's a double-edged sword running out on him at the same time as it makes his early writing seem dated, remote and lacking the deep personal involvement we expect from more modern day writers His work has to be assessed in the context of his era and only then does the true scope of his talents appear, and his importance become undeniable

Denison began as a playwright the first one of stature in Canadian literature and his beginning was hardly auspicious Toronto's Hart House Theatre had scheduled three Canadian plays for April, 1921, but only two — both tragedies — were on hand A third was desperately needed, only five weeks remained before opening night Denison, a recent and so far unsuccessful architectural graduate, had come to Hart House as an art director, and that morning was breakfasting with theatre director Roy Mitchell and treasurer Hugh Poynter-Bell who happened to ask Denison where one might find a "Canadian" Denison surmised at length that the only untainted Canadians he'd ever known were the backwoodsmen near Bon Echo "At the end of breakfast" says Denison, "the two scoundrels locked me in the director's room and said, 'Just put it down on paper If you want to eat remember that the faculty dining room closes at two.'"

Four-and-a-quarter hours later Denison emerged with a one-act comedy called *Brothers In Arms*, featuring as one of its main characters an illiterate woodsman with a deep-felt contempt for authority The subject matter, the setting, the earthy dialogue so upset the Hart House Theatre committee that it voted to ban its production, but Roy Mitchell threatened to resign unless they allowed him to stage it *Brothers In Arms* was a resounding hit Denison estimates it has been performed some 1 500 times since, and royalty cheques still trickle in each year from such places as Churchill, Manitoba and St John's, Newfoundland

Denison's career took off Many successful plays followed, such as *Contract* and *Marsh Hay*, a despairing vision of the younger generation complete with adolescent sexual hang-ups and self-induced abortions which may explain why, though he wrote it in 1923, it wasn't performed in Canada until 1974

His career as playwright, however, was short-lived as he was quickly lured by another medium — radio It was 1929 and Austin Weir who was in charge of the CNR network (and who seven years later was instrumental in creating the CBC) approached Denison with an idea for a series of 26 radio dramatizations of important events in Canadian history And when Denison protested that he didn't even own a radio Weir went out and bought him one

So says Denison, "I set to work reading Canadian history from a new point of view that of the dramatist or storyteller I was interested only in people and their struggles and their triumphs not in the murky convolutions of political development"

Called the *Romance Of Canada*, Denison's series became the model for similar radio historical dramatizations throughout North America Also, it introduced to Canada a man who was to have an equally profound effect upon our culture — Tyrone Guthrie (Denison, who had heard of Guthrie's work with the BBC in England, had obtained in New York two 15-minute radio plays Guthrie had written "I read them riding up town on top of a 5th Avenue bus," Denison recalls "And long before I reached 52nd Street I knew that I had made a great discovery I had found a man who had completely mastered radio as a dramatic medium") The two worked together on the series, and it was during this time that Guthrie began to dream of someday establishing a Shakespearean festival theatre Eventually, his dream came true in Stratford Ontario

So vastly successful was the *Romance Of Canada* that Denison was commissioned to do a similar project in the United States, where he was born

His 40-week series *Great Moments In History* launched Denison on a radio career in the United States that continued through World War II

Yet though his greatest recognition came in the United States, his greatest love remained in Canada, and each year he would regularly retreat for three months to his beloved Bon Echo a 5 000-acre retreat amid the pines clear water and granite cliffs of the Canadian Shield And it was here during these leisure months, that he met and got to know over a number of summers an old man called Mike Mahoney, who turned out to be one of the legendary figures of the Klondike and Alaska gold rushes, and who had served as a model for much of the heroic fiction of both Robert Service and Jack London His full story, however, had never been told But in 1943, Denison published *Klondike Mike*, a complete biography it became an immediate best seller

That was the height of Merrill Denison's success He had established himself as one of North America's foremost radio dramatists and he had written a critically acclaimed best seller His plays were still being produced, and his legacy was awakening Canadian literature to itself He had, in fact, somewhat awakened Canada to itself in his own sardonic and biting manner It was Denison who gave birth to the cliché that we are a people suffering a national inferiority complex ("I expected" he said much later, "that the impeachment would be promptly challenged and denied I never expected that it would become part of the national folklore.")

But soon after *Klondike Mike*, Merrill Denison began to fade away, into the obscurity of corporate histories far from the literary mainstream It paid handsomely (it is estimated that the two-volume history he did on the Bank of Montreal cost the bank half a million dollars) and his income was guaranteed, since public sales had no bearing He bridles still at any suggestion he was selling out, arguing that the growth of Canadian companies provides a much truer picture of our history than predominantly political issues Besides he adds, "I write with all the objectivity I can bring to bear" And his works — the bank history the history of the Molson family of Massey-Harris and Ontario Hydro — were highly acclaimed

But there can nevertheless be no doubt that money did influence his decision Bon Echo was eating away at his wallet. Denison's suffragette mother Flora MacDonald, had purchased the property in 1910, with hopes of turning it into a retreat for writers, artists and philosophers So taken was she by one of these, the American poet Walt Whitman, that she had a tribute to him carved into the massive, 400-foot rock face that overlooks the lake at Bon Echo But her dream by the mid-1940s had become Denison's nightmare

He was finally able to dispose of the land in 1959, when the Ontario government accepted it as a gift to be used as a park Denison reserved only a small corner of the property, that facing the Whitman rock, for the use of himself and his second wife Liza (Denison's first wife Muriel Goggin, who was the author of the popular Susannah books, died in 1954)

Merrill Denison, at 81, has not given up There is much to be written Time, however, will probably have a say in the matter Merrill Denison is not well He can't move quickly and he tires easily Somedays it's just easier to sit back and listen to the pines move in the wind which sweeps across Bon Echo's Lake Maznaw and look long at the big rock and the salute to Walt Whitman which year by year looks more and more like the summation of Merrill Denison's own life

"My foothold is tenon'd and mortised in granite," the two-foot high letters read "I laugh at what you call dissolution and I know the amplitude of time"

Adapted from Mugwump Canadian The Merrill Denison Story *by Dick MacDonald, published by Content Press.*



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TV / HEATHER ROBERTSON

Returning to the honesty of emotion

I can't remember when I watched someone weep on television until I saw the interview with Bruce Marsh on CBC's *Man Alive*, a calm discussion of his own impending death filmed just weeks before he died in March waiting for a heart transplant I was startled and embarrassed at first by Marsh's display of emotion, then deeply moved My imagination was still occupied by the interview when the very next night I saw playwright Lillian Hellman choke back tears during an extremely frank interview with journalist Bill Moyers on the American PBS network Those two agonized faces remained lodged in my memory for days, reminding me, with gratitude, of how powerful television can be, and how far it has drifted from our everyday world of pain and death and love, the world we thought it was invented to reflect

For a long time I have thought that apart from great events such as moon walks and assassinations the most interesting thing to watch on television is the human face It's a question of scale. The television screen is too small to accommodate epic scenery and complicated action without diminishing them almost to absurdity — a car chase which knocks you out in cinemascope looks like a dinky toy game on TV — yet the TV screen perfectly accommodates the human face at life size or, if filmed in extreme close-up, exaggerates it to a Brobdignagian blowup which gives the picture heightened intensity, as if you were talking to someone from a distance of two feet With artificial light and color the effect can be almost grotesque but successful television drama, especially soap opera, owes its fascination to this style of production where all the action takes place in the eyes Even popular action shows like *Cannon* (CBC — Monday, 8.30 p m) have abandoned their frantic Keystone Kops pace to focus almost exclusively on the hero's face The impression of speed is a visual illusion created by tight editing, and violence is largely implied by expressions of horror and disgust which flicker across Cannon's face The real violence of this type of show is not physical but psychic, the ugly, brutal personality projected by the hero and the sadistic emotional climate that personality creates around him

The human scale of television, the camera's uncanny ability to expose with a cool, searching eye the warts and crevasses of the personality sitting in front of it, was one of the most important things noticed about television in the Fifties, especially by politicians who found their images smeared by their own humbug, yet it has since been increasingly ignored, particularly by the CBC where, except for the inquisitions of *Take 30* and *Man Alive*, the serious interview has almost vanished It is partly a misunderstanding but also fear of television's potential to lay bare the most intimate reaches of the human soul Puritan conventions tend to keep the most interesting people off TV and those confrontations which do occur are severely circumscribed by all the taboos of our culture The Watergate hearings were a breakthrough because they made it possible for the first time to talk openly about political corruption on TV; Bruce Marsh has made it easier to talk about death, but there remain powerful taboos against such things as homosexuality and old age and the strongest, the one which made the interviews with Marsh and Lillian Hellman so astonishing, is the taboo against displaying emotion

Television is the last bastion of the stiff upper lip, a Joe Cool fraternity where status is measured in terms of one's ability to maintain an attitude of uptight indifference in the face of chaos Everybody has a television face, a mask of what he thinks he ought to look like on TV Since both interviewer and victim are usually afraid of breaking down and losing face, most interviews become as ritualized as the mating dance of the prairie chicken

You are only as good as your interviewer, says Germaine Greer, and most interviewers aren't very good at all Probably the best on TV right now are Mike Wallace and Morley Safer of the CBS documentary show, *60 Minutes* (Sunday, 5 p m), men who seem to understand that when a big face goes up on our screen we want to know only one thing — Who are you? We don't care about the topic; we do care about the person The right questions are usually the simple, even naive questions which reflect genuine curiosity and respect and which pressure the guest into babbling the secrets of his life A good interview is an encounter with a personality, it reveals as much in what is left unsaid as in what is explicit Bruce



Bruce Marsh coming to terms with death

Marsh didn't say much about death, but he did, by denying and evading it, reveal the depth of his own pain and fear in coming to terms with it, and it is that emotional honesty that makes contact with the audience. After all the years of watching Marsh on TV I felt I had, for the first time, met him too late

I don't advocate a return to the TV of the Fifties, but I do feel that there is a need for greater simplicity in television, a need not to pretend that TV is the movies, a need for the immediacy of which TV is capable, for recognition of its unique and eloquent personality.

THIS MONTH'S TV SHOWS

Watch: The Romantic Rebellion (CBC — Monday, May 27, 10.30 p.m.). Start of a Kenneth Clark series on romantic art.

Watch for: Access (CBC — May 30, 10 p.m.). Start of a new public participation series.

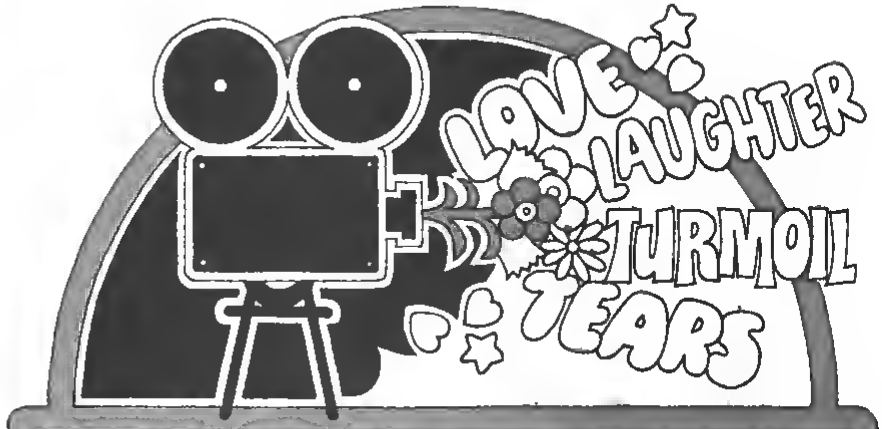
America (CBC — May 21, 10 p.m.). A 13-week BBC series with Alistair Cooke.

Beware: VIP (CBC — June 4, 10.30 p.m.). Start of Lorraine Thomson's summer interview show

FILMS / JOHN HOFSESS

Bugging and the art of Conversation

The Conversation was written by Francis Ford Coppola eight years ago, shortly after *Blow Up* was released (a film to which it has a significant intellectual debt) but it wasn't until the historic success of *The Godfather* that any studio would give him the money needed *The Conversation* is a sure bet to be one



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of the best films of 1974, it may even end up one of those classics that help define our place and time in the 70s. A few years ago, the general public might have considered the story fanciful, but not since Watergate. Harry Caul (masterfully portrayed by Gene Hackman) is a 44-year-old electronic surveillance expert, obsessed with perfecting better mikes and transmitters in order to snoop on his "targets" — which might well be you or me. He's a bachelor, with a complicated Catholic sense of guilt (he can't stand people using God or Jesus to cuss with, yet his professional bugging is clearly implicated in several murders); he needs people but he doesn't know how to relate to them. He jealously — almost insanely — guards his *own* privacy: he has multiple locks on his apartment door, he tells his girlfriend he has no home telephone, when he has Coppola unravels the story with a slow pace (this is no film for *Magnum Force* action fans) letting all of its chilling implications sink in. While the emphasis is on character study (one of the most detailed and absorbing yet to be seen in an American film) Coppola knows all the rules of mass entertainment: he knows when to turn the screws for suspense, he knows how to shock and horrify. *The Conversation* is about as intelligent as mass movies ever dare get (without failing at the box office). You can actually feel it stretching the limits of public tolerance for new themes and adult treatments of those themes. It's timely, topical, and bound to provoke more talk than practically any movie scheduled for release this year. It proves, ten years early, in a compelling, chilling vision, how close we are to Orwell's *1984*.

You don't have to be Jewish to like *The Apprenticeship Of Duddy Kravitz* but it certainly helps. It will help *some* filmgoers so much they won't spot a single flaw in the picture. But outside its pre-sold minority, *Duddy Kravitz* is likely to be sloughed off as a boring and dated movie.

It's a lean year for Canadian films. Even so, I see no reason to praise *Duddy Kravitz* beyond its meagre due. It is not a charismatic movie. There is nothing here to fire the imagination, stimulate the emotions, stir the mind, or shake up one's life. A lot of people have worked hard on it but for all their labor it's a tidy and earnest work of feeble imagination and unimportant truths.

Movies are made when money can be raised, and when certain teams of directors, writers and actors are available, this may be the first opportunity that Mordecai Richler and director Ted Kotcheff had of putting *Duddy Kravitz* on film since the novel was published 15 years ago, but it is, nevertheless, the *wrong* moment. The material has dated greatly. Whatever one may think of the novel, it simply isn't marketable *as a movie* in 1974. *Duddy Kravitz* is one of those supposedly instructive moral tales about a young man who gains the whole world and loses his soul. We are shown Duddy's sometimes ingenious, often ruthless attempts to buy a piece of land while he alienates and eventually loses his two best friends. It's the sort of story that will make some people say, "how true, how true," and then go right back to living as they always do, as Duddy Kravitz does, being pushy, self-centred and materialistic. The movie *encourages* this feeling of hypocritical superficiality. It has moments of scatological humour, heavy-handed irreverence, and calculated poignancies, but it has no unifying power to make the story of Duddy Kravitz emotionally or morally effective. At its core, *Duddy Kravitz* is a hollow story about a hollow man, dressed up in Jewish jokes to conceal its deficiencies.

As Duddy, 25-year-old American actor Richard Dreyfuss (who portrayed Curt, in *American Graffiti*) acts up a storm. He's always itching and scratching, making faces, pulling his hair, slapping his thighs, grinning, leering, laughing: it's as if he were trying to earn *two* Oscars with *one* performance. The film would drag long before it does without Dreyfuss' energetic attention-getting antics, but even he proves wearisome once he's run through his bag of tricks. Michelne Lanctôt, who gave one of the most memorable performances ever in a Canadian film in Gilles Carle's *The True Nature Of Bernadette*, does nothing but look nice here in the role of Yvette, Duddy's girl friend. She not only talks — but walks — in a stilted manner, as if she thought the part she was playing was that of a marionette. Randy Quaid, another young American actor (*The Last Picture Show*, and notably *The Last Detail* with Jack Nicholson) portrays Virgil, an epileptic friend of Duddy's who becomes crippled for life in an auto accident. It's a solid, small role and he does it well. Jack Warden, Joe Silver, Denholm Elliott, Zvee Scooler, and Henry Ramer also contribute fine performances. If acting alone could save *Duddy Kravitz*, it would be a good film, but acting cannot save a story as thin and threadbare as this.

Philip Roth's *Portnoy's Complaint* terminated the theme of "growing up Jewish" (thank goodness), in *Duddy Kravitz* the song has ended but the malady lingers on.



York and Welch: best blues-chasers

In the April column it was stated that a $500,000 silent Canadian film, *Carry On Sergeant* was released in 1933. Peter Morris, curator of the Canadian Film Archives in Ottawa, has pointed out that *Carry On Sergeant* was released in 1928. The Canadian picture which failed in 1933 was *Crimson Paradise*.

RECOMMENDED THIS MONTH

THE THREE MUSKETEERS Richard Lester's first film in five years is a swashbuckling delight. The cast includes Michael York, Richard Chamberlain, Raquel Welch, Simon Ward, Faye Dunaway and Charlton Heston. It's the best blues-chaser since Woody Allen's Sleeper.

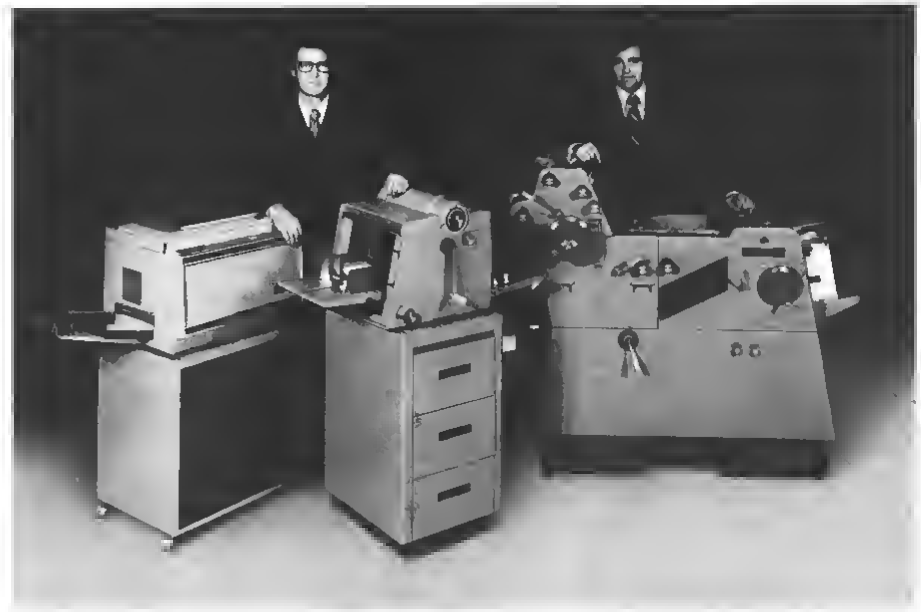
THE SUGARLAND EXPRESS A pennybright and sassy film by 26-year-old director Steven Spielberg, starring Goldie Hawn and William Atherton as the lovable pair of fugitives.

THE GREAT GATSBY A 1975 Oscar for costumes and set design. Redford and Farrow aren't nearly as friendly as Redford and Newman.

PARADE

Fund raising is as much a part of university life as drinking beer and writing essays: the board of governors traces the graduate down and tries to wring a little cash free by appealing to the grad's affection for the alma mater. Usually, but not always. Take the current campaign to raise $1.5 million for the restoration of the 118-year-old University College in Toronto, for instance. Unless the building is saved, the fund raisers plead, the ghost of Ivan Reznikoff won't have any halls to haunt. Reznikoff,

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who carved the gargoyles around the pillars of the original building, was fatally stabbed one night in a quarrel over a local maiden not long after the building was completed in 1856. His spirit stays on, seeking revenge.

BOOKS / GEORGE WOODCOCK

Bittersweets for the short story buffs

I'm delighted that I'm able to devote this column to the short story in Canada. Ten years ago a book of stories was a rare event, usually a kind of loss leader brought out by a publisher for the sake of prestige. Now the number of short stories published is increasing every year, and today I have no less than six recent volumes of them. Three of these collections, *Something I've Been Meaning To Tell You* by Alice Munro, *Women And Children* by Beth Harvor and *Bloodflowers* by W. D. Valgardson, I'd count as excellent by any standard. *The Road To Yesterday* (McGraw-Hill-Ryerson, $7.95) is a previously unpublished collection of short stories by Lucy Maud Montgomery. Written, apparently, during the 1920s, they make a rather pathetic production. The author was trying to reproduce tiredly nearly 30 years later what she had done with spirit in the Edwardian age, and the result is a mere parody of *Anne Of Green Gables*. But Montgomery cannot be blamed if others decided to drag out after her death what with good reason she had consigned to the drawers of her desk.

In *Somebody Else's Summer* (Clarke, Irwin, $6.75), Ted Wood writes like the pet graduate of a correspondence course in writing for pleasure and profit. He constructs neat human situations and leads each of them to a conclusion that can always be resolved by a neat twist of the story's tail. After the first two we learn to expect the wry and revealing shifts of focus in the very last sentence — and it always comes!

Don Bailey is a much less elaborately organized writer. In *If You Hum Me A Few Bars I Might Remember The Tune* (Oberon, $5.95, $2.95 paperback), he presents an amiable, rambling series of sketches of an amoral kind of half-world where people drift between petty crime and small business. I suppose it reflects the sheer aimlessness of much modern life, and perhaps that is why it is ultimately unsatisfying. We expect fiction to take us into the other world of the imagination, but Don Bailey simply drops us — like unlucky hitch-hikers — somewhere on the way.

But Alice Munro, Beth Harvor and W. D. Valgardson are natural fiction writers who do take us into interesting and convincing worlds of their own creation, and when I read their books it makes me wonder once again why the short story, which is a kind of writing Canadians do well, ever went out of favor.

After all, a quarter of a century ago we were still reading stories quite voraciously. *Maclean's* and the *Saturday Evening Post*, the women's journals and the farm journals, all published them, they appeared in the magazine sections of newspapers, and there were popular magazines devoted entirely to short stories. But after the last war, the short story fell out of favor so quickly that by the early 1950s, it was hard to sell a story anywhere in Canada.

Perhaps this happened because people read stories to escape, rather than for their own intrinsic value. Radio and television soap opera took over the escape function and the kind of in-depth reportage that many magazines now provide fulfills most people's curiosity about the rest of the world. Short stories were left for the short story buffs and only recently have they been on the increase.

The decline of the short story was unfortunate because some writers have the kind of talent that works best with a limited and rather immediate situation, which the short story provides. The stories of Morley Callaghan and Hugh Garner are far superior to their novels. Younger writers who chose the short story as a form during the 1950s, when virtually no magazines were accepting them, had a difficult time. One of the great debts we owe the CBC was that it encouraged such writers by keeping their stories alive on radio, mainly through the efforts of Robert Weaver, who not only arranged the CBC programs devoted to them but who also persuaded publishers to bring out several anthologies.



Alice Munro, the follies and the gallantries

One of the writers Weaver especially encouraged was Alice Munro. *Something I've Been Meaning To Tell You* (McGraw-Hill-Ryerson, $7.95) is her second book of stories. Though Alice Munro has long lived in Victoria, British Columbia, her fictional territory is still the Southern Ontario of her childhood and youth, and in *Something I've Been Meaning To Tell You* she once again explores with a bittersweet mockery the follies and gallantries of that rural and small town world.

Beth Harvor in *Women And Children* (Oberon, $6.95, $3.50 paperback) moves us into the heart of the dilemma-ridden Sixties, when women became aware of their condition in ways not open to the aunts of Munro's past Ontario, and her book is filled with the small tragedies — all the more poignant for the deadpan telling — of women who end feeling robbed or anguished or merely drained out.

And finally, in *Bloodflowers* (Oberon $3.50 paperback), W. D. Valgardson turns back to the extreme situations: man against man, man against nature, individual against society, that lie deep in our history. A woman is stoned for witchcraft on the Prairies. A boy refuses to kill his maimed father because he hates him. A child is quietly killed to get rid of an Indian family. Yet all happens with a kind of stark inevitability so that one does not think of these as stories of violence. They are stories of the destinies that have shaped us because we are men.

RADIO / PETER WARREN

That was no loudmouth – it was the PM

I'm fed up to here with so-called "serious journalists" who put down the radio hot-line show. I should know, I'm a radio hot-line man. Five days a week, three hours a day, I sit behind a microphone and listen to people being blatant, bigoted, dishonest, sometimes, but more often telling me — and thousands of listeners —

You call us.

We'll call Nairobi, or Niagara Falls, or Nashville.

Call your local Tilden station and we'll make car rental reservations for you in almost any city in the world.

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Warren with Diefenbaker: three Prime Ministers have appeared on his Action-Line radio program

exactly how they feel, and if that isn't what journalism is about it should be.

I take my job seriously. I'm a responsible journalist. It isn't show business and I'm not just talking to fill time, my job is to communicate and that's what my own show and many others like it in Canada do better than any other form of media. Furthermore, we provide a type of communication that cannot be duplicated.

Oh, sure, Mrs. Topolnski in Transcona, Manitoba, can write a letter to a newspaper editor, but it had better be in good English, preferably typewritten, and it might be published.

But Mrs. Topolnski can call an open-line program, express her opinion and get instant feedback, possibly from the Prime Minister himself (I've had three on my show), *direct*: there is no "expert" business reporter interviewing "expert" bank manager to befuddle the facts as mediator.

There isn't any other form of media that can provide the public with a forum that is so democratic, so basically down-to-earth that it puts captains and kings and politicians into a direct confrontation with the little guy on the street. Back in 1971, when Trudeau was running from the "sell your own wheat" statement, he appeared on my show. At one point the long distance telephone rang and a voice, through thousands of radios, said: "I'm calling from the country. I was up on the combine, finishing off the flax, and I had to get off the field, back to the house to ask you . . ."

"That," said the Prime Minister afterward, "was almost poetic."

And the only direct confrontation between Trudeau and NDP leader David Lewis, during the election campaign when the latter made his "corporate welfare bums" speech, also came on my show. Trudeau was a guest, sitting in the Winnipeg studio with me, and Lewis called in from Ottawa, 800 miles away, at a prearranged time. How it must have galled the Toronto *Globe and Mail* to cover that one (which they did, with a four-column story).

The eggheads will tell you that open-line programs cater to the nuts, the cranks and the bigots. It simply isn't true. But if there are bigots abroad, better for one to call and say, "I run a rooming house and I ain't taking in no niggers . . ."

She's going to hear exactly what her neighbors feel about that sort of talk, and she's going to hear it from *them*, not just the moderator.

The problem in a newspaper office is that there's a preconceived notion of who the reader is. An open-line radio man just can't afford to take anything like that for granted. The listener is participant and it makes a difference, because he or she won't take garbage or cant from anyone.

Contrary to what you may have read about us, open-line radio moderators don't grouch out of bed, kick the cat, clobber the kids and slam off to work to stir up the people. We've proven this at my station and so have many other radio men. We spend hours researching subjects and we read books before their authors appear as guests on our shows.

It leads to some fascinating experiences. I have spent the best part of a week living the life of a mental patient in Selkirk Hospital so I could report honestly; I've spent time living as a con in Stony Mountain Penitentiary, I travel to Ottawa as often as possible to keep in touch with the way the West is being kicked in the pants and, when necessary, I've admitted I was wroog, *on the air*.

That's open-line democracy. If you don't like your newspaper editor (do you know *who* he is?) that's tough, but if you don't like *me* you can call up and tell me, and why.

That's radio, and it beats anything else by a country mile.

Peter Warren was a newspaperman for 12 years before becoming host of CJOB, Winnipeg's, Action-Line

MUSIC / ROY MacGREGOR

Polyvinyl hits the performers where it hurts

Once upon a time creative young people dreamed of writing *the* great novel. Today they imagine themselves at the top of the world of pop music. But it's only in terms of the initial dream that a parallel can be drawn between books and music, once the dream hits the production stage the similarity breaks down.

Book publishers have traditionally published young unknowns for fun and prestige alone, knowing from the outset that it's money down the drain. Publishers are not always motivated solely by money. Recording companies, profit-oriented to the death, will settle for nothing less than a hit. Therefore it has never been easy for performers to land their first recording contracts.

Right now it's almost impossible. The oil shortage, assuming it's real, has created a shortage of polyvinyl chloride, from which records are cast. Vinyl in 1974 has become gold. Most companies are phasing out their budget and classical album production to save all available vinyl for albums that are guaranteed to sell, meaning, of course, releases only by *established* groups. New musicians are inevitably left out in the cold.

Since the same situation applies in Canada, we've lately noticed a new phenomenon: albums that are created, produced, packaged, promoted and often marketed by the performers themselves, at a cost varying from $5,000 down. It's strictly private enterprise, and it takes guts and money. Some of the self-made products are well worth buying. They are David Essig's *Redbird Country*, Stringband's *Canadian Sunset* (which the band claims was self-produced only in order to maintain full artistic control), *Michal Hasek*, by the performer of the same name, and Doug McArthur's *Letters From The Coast*.

Of the four, McArthur is the one with the most confidence in his future. In order to gather funds for recording, he portioned himself into 20,000 shares, of which he personally kept a controlling interest of 11,000. He then sold 3,000 shares at a buck each to put out the album, and the remaining 6,000 he set aside. Why? To sell at two bucks apiece once the album becomes a hit, of course.

Peter and Paul and Bloody Mary.

As far as the Russians are concerned, tomato juice is for breakfast, not for vodka. Vodka, they told us, was meant to be taken straight. Sometimes with a plate of tangerines, or some hot tea as a chaser. But *nyet* with tomato juice.

That was before we took Alberta Vodka to Leningrad and poured a few Bloody Marys. Then our Russian friends had to admit we were onto a great idea. *Da!*

They tried it a number of ways. Mixed and straight. And Alberta Vodka met with smiles of approval in a country famous for its own.

Canadians approve of Alberta Vodka's quality, too. That's why it's now Canada's best-seller at the popular price.

Alberta Pure Vodka

It takes more than a Russian sounding name to make a great Vodka.

In the background is the Peter and Paul fortress the first building in Leningrad that Czar Peter the Great created in 1703. Inside is Peter and Paul Cathedral the burial place of the Czars

ALBERTA VODKA



One of the finest Canadian whiskies this country has ever tasted.